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Poetry.

BE PATIENT WITH THE LIVING.

Sweet friend, when thou and I art gone
Beyond earth's weary labor,
Where shall be our need of grace
From comrade or from neighbor;
Passed all the strife, the toil, the care,
And done with all the sighing—
What tender truth shall we have gained,
Alas! by simply dying.

Then lips too chary of their praise
Will tell our merits over,
And eyes too swift our faults to see
Shall no defect discover.
Then hands that would not lift a stone
Where sinners were thick to stumble
Our path or hill path, will scatter flowers
Above our pillowed slumber.

Sweet friend, perchance both thou and I,
Dear love is past forgiving,
Should take the earnest lesson home—
Be patient with the living!
To-day's repressed rebuke may save
Your fortune wild tears to-morrow,
Then patience e'en when keenest edge
May whet a nameless sorrow.

'Tis easy to be gentle when
Death's silence charms our clamor,
And easy to discern the best
Through memory's mystic glamor;
But wise it was for thee and me,
That it is past forgiving,
To take the tender lesson home—
Be patient with the living!

A CLEAR CASE.

Auburn hair inclined to curl,
Blonde eyes and winning smile,
Form to set the brain awhirl,
Lips that might a saint beguile:
That's the girl.

Taller than the maiden coy,
Truthful, fearless, handsome, strong;
Heart of gold without alloy,
Hating lie or twist right and wrong;
That's the boy.

Window panes festooned with rime,
Leafless trees and hillside bare;
Down the street the midnight chime,
Street lamps glimmering here and there;
That's the time.

Nestling at the mountain's base,
With its one long quiet street,
Clasped in winter's white embrace;
Quaint old village, firm and neat;
That's the place.

Truant arm and shy embrace,
Tender vows in willing ear,
Kisses on an upturned face,
Whispered: "Yes, I love you, dear!"
That's the case.

Our Story Teller.

UNDER ORDERS.

BY ANNETTE CALTHORP.

In a shabby ground-floor room, which contrived to do duty as a study, dining-room, nursery and general sitting-room of a vicarage in the East End of London, sat one afternoon in late autumn, a mother and son. That most pathetic form of poverty—the kind which is linked in indissoluble union with gentility—had stamped this nondescript apartment for its own. The wallpaper had seen better days and had lighted on exceptionally dingy ones; the ceiling was blackened with gas; the carpet had lost all trace of its original pattern; the draggled wax cloth which covered in places, where a threadbare condition recorded the track of footsteps; the horsehair seats of the mahogany chairs were deplorably worn at the edges, and the position of a railway rug in the very center of a forbidding-looking sofa suggested the idea that rents or stains probably lurked beneath its friendly shelter.

Little folks had left the marks of their presence scattered here and there in the room. On the sideboard was a pile of copy books, dog's-eared primers and story books, flanked by an atlas; from behind a sofa bolster peeped a scantily-attired doll, with bald head, one glassy eye, hectic cheeks and a battered head, whereon bald patches alternated with flaxen ringlets.

The house stood in a plot of unproductive land—by courtesy called a garden—which apparently furnished a recreation ground for a number of hens, who at the present moment derived a considerable enjoyment from scratching the babies which they had scratched for themselves in the earth, beneath some decrepit shrubs. Beyond the garden stretched the streets and lanes of Whitechapel. Ceaseless street cries, mingled with the rattle of wheels, the banging of omnibus doors and the shrill "All right, sir" bells. "Third edition—Echo," shouted, in shrill treble, a sharp-looking youngster, with a bundle of paper under his arm; "six for sixpence—cau-li-flowers," roared the deep bass of a costermonger; a postman, a knifegrinder, a shoeblack a cats'-meat man, a fish-stall keeper and other members of that important fraternity blended their voices in maddening chorus.

Within the vicarage mother and son, heedless of the distracting sounds, were engaged in earnest conversation. The mother, a middle-aged lady, with a care-worn, refined face, diligently darned a small sock, which stood greatly in need of her services; the son, a young man of about three and twenty, with a slim, lithe figure and a boyish, handsome, sensitive face, mechanically watched her flying needle as he listened or replied.

Mrs. Murray was wife of the vicar of St. Stephen's, Whitechapel, an elderly, scholarly, unsuccessful clergyman, whose means were wholly inadequate to meet all the claims made upon him by a numerous family. His name, it had, in his early developed intellectual tastes; his expenses at school and college had been defrayed by a wealthy, eccentric kinsman of his mother. The youth turned out shy, studious and dreamy, the possessor of an enthusiasm for poetry, but of little practical knowledge of the distinctive knowledge of the world. When, with the attainment of the "Newdigate" and a good degree, his college career came to an end and the time arrived when aid in the adoption of a calling would have been highly acceptable, the relation's assistance was capriciously withdrawn. David Murray returned home and doubt reigned under the paternal roof with regard to his prospects in life. His father shook his head dubiously when the young man bashfully professed himself a wooer of the muse and expressed a desire to follow the vocation of a poet. "Poetry doesn't pay, even when the writer is a genius, and you are a not a genius, you know, David," said the clergyman, with sorrowful candor.

Mrs. Murray belonged to a wealthy family who had taken umbrage at her marriage with a poor parson. Her brothers and sisters had consigned her to oblivion and her name was omitted from her father's will. But a few days before my story opens a sister, the widow of a fabulously rich East India merchant named Wilton, held out the golden scepter of reconciliation and Mrs. Murray touched it with trembling rapture. We are sorry to say we are seriously wroth with Mrs. Wilton from Florence, where she was spending some months, "and it is time to forget our differences." From this exordium the widow passed to the narration of a family quarrel, which had indirect relation to the Murray interests. "I am greatly disappointed," she wrote, "in my nephew Tom—poor James' son—who, till lately, managed my estates in Devon and Somerset. He has given me grave cause for displeasure and I have shut my doors upon him. This being the case, I am anxious to make the acquaintance of your eldest lad, who is entitled no benefits from me, and from whom, therefore, according to the way of the world"—anger invested the writer's pen with unwonted sarcasm—"I expect the more gratitude. You have not yet, I suppose, seen your way to putting your son into any profession. Well, Joyce's present place as steward may in time and due preparation suit him—who knows? I am resolved to like the lad; I even build castles in the air for him, and have in my head a scheme for his marriage with my husband's ward, Joyce Balfour, who lives with me and is my heiress. Send your son to Florence to pass the winter here and to return with us in the spring to Devonshire. Let him spend what time and see what places he likes en route. I enclose a check for his traveling expenses."

Consciousness of the pique, aroused by "nephew Tom," which obviously lay at the bottom of this letter did not disturb the pleasure with which Mrs. Murray received her sister's overtures. She told herself, in her simple piety, that Providence had opened a way for the provision of her son; she called on David to rejoice with her.

But David refused to rejoice. On the afternoon when we find him in the Whitechapel parlor his aunt's communication was under discussion and his contribution to the conversation was flavored with the spice of petulance. He was seated on a low chair at his mother's feet, his elbows on his knees, his face in his hands and his eyes fixed gloomily on the fire. One clause in the letter—that relating to a possible marriage between Joyce Balfour and himself—had aroused his ire. The young man's ideal of marriage was high and pure; to have it rudely broken in upon with mercenary suggestions, and with the threatened interposition of a third person to regulate his choice, was to the last degree distasteful to him.

"Who is this Joyce Balfour, mother?" asked David, tossing aside the momentous letter.

"I know little more of her than your aunt tells us, dear. She was Mr. Wilton's ward, is rather younger than you, I fancy, and I have heard that she has considerably property. When she inherits my sister's estates, in addition to her own, she will be enormously rich. Your aunt"—with a slight pause and a wistful look in David's direction—"was always fond of match making. If her fancy for an engagement between you two young people should be realized, your fortune would be made, David."

"But I don't want my fortune to be made—after that fashion," cried the young man, hotly. "What do I know and what do I care about Miss Balfour?"

"She will be enormously rich," urged the mother, falling feebly back on her first point. "I should be glad to know you were saved from a poor man's portion, David, for I have learned by experience how hard it is to struggle against poverty." The mother laid dow her sock and glanced appealingly towards the young man, who responded with a frown. David was young, and he had dreams of an affluent position, to be won not by a mercenary marriage, by literary achievements. But he could not brag of his spurs before he had won them; he grew silent.

"We have no right to assume, mother," he burst forth at length, his slumbering chivalry awakening to new life, "that Miss Balfour would accept the honor of an alliance with myself, even if I were inclined to offer it."

Mrs. Murray smiled. She took up her work again. "Miss Balfour is probably aware," she said, as she stooped to rethread her needle, "of your aunt's plans, and she must know that it might be greatly against her interest to oppose them."

There was another silence.

"Att least you will not decide in the matter till you have seen Miss Balfour, David?"

"No, I will not decide till I have seen her."

"And you will go to Florence?"

David rose, walked to the window and looked out. But he saw nothing; his thoughts were far away. "Florence" was a fascinating name to the untraveled lad; he wished that his errand there were not so unwelcome.

"Well, I will go," he said slowly, "if I can reconcile myself to the thought that I am ousting my unknown cousin Tom from my aunt's favor."

"Nonsense." The flying needle halted in mid-course. "You are not ousting him; he has already ousted himself. Don't be quixotic, dear."

David sighed. His last hope of escape seemed dissipated.

Just at this moment the sound of fleet foot-steps were heard, the door flew open and three or four children who had been passing—as marks of treacle on hands, faces and pinafores testified—an agreeable half hour in the kitchen, appeared on the scene. Their advent was the signal for David's departure to his own room.

A few days later the young man started on his travels. In the excitement inseparable from a first foreign tour the object of his wanderings was almost forgotten. He went through the usual vicissitudes of a long journey. The usual important package was left behind and its absence, as usual, discovered too late for recovery. The usual countings of hand bags and wraps were performed, and then the recountings, to make assurance doubly sure. The usual sparring for boarding and dejectedness on leaving the packet were duly experienced. Then came hurried meals at railway stations, then views of monotonous French landscapes, with its inevitable long, straight rows of poplars, then glimpses of bolder scenery—chalets and of snow-peaks, and then Switzerland burst upon David's view. The young man had chosen the St. Gothard route; he had determined to avail himself of the aunt's generosity and to linger over his journey. In a letter, in which he announced his plans to her, he spoke of an intention to spend a couple of days at Lucerne, a few hours at Milan and a week in Venice, the town which, above all others, appealed to his poetic fancy.

The lad reveled in his new experiences. His fellow-tourist caught something of his enthusiasm. Every day he made new friends, who parted from him at night with flattering reluctance. Not only did the wonderful sights which met his eye delight David; in his young freshness he thoroughly enjoyed the importance of ordering beds and meals, or paying scores, at foreign inns. At last, Italy was reached; at last, Milan lay like a dream behind him, and one early morning found him sleeping fitfully in a railway carriage and nearing Venice. At five o'clock he awoke, rubbed his eyes, opened the window and looked out. The edge of a band-bag, which had very poorly played the part of a pillow during the night, had left proof of its insufficiency in the cramped condition of David's neck. The young man was sleepy and cold; circumstances were not favorable to his first impression of the approach to Venice. It was with some sense of dreariness that David found himself in a waste of water. Before him, behind him and on either side gray water stretched out, to meet a gray cold morning sky; no land was visible. He was on the bridge—nine miles long—which connects Venice with the mainland. In a short time the forms of many tall clustering houses began to reveal themselves against the horizon; the train whizzed on, and presently the city of the Adriatic lay, broad and clear before David's eyes. The young man held his breath as he gazed. But a railway station is the last place for sentimentalism and before the platform of the Venetian railway station the train came, in a few minutes, to a standstill. "Romance hasn't a chance against its arch-enemy, steam," thought David, as he jumped to the ground, mustered a few words of stumbling Italian, embellished with French and with their aid placed himself under the protection of a porter, a red-haired, well-built fellow, with a face like an old Venetian picture. The Englishman's registered luggage was quickly collected and placed in a gondola; a herd of loafers—ragged, picturesque men and boys—swooped down upon him as fair prey; each grasped his umbrella; another bore off his Murray and his Macintosh; a third attempted, in spite of vigorous remonstrance, to relieve him of the light burden of a small paper volume of Howell's "Venetian Life," which he held in his hand. Before the station were a number of gondolas, their proprietors hailing passengers with deafening cries of "Gondola, signori. Signori, gondoli, gondoli."

"What hotel does the Signore command?" asked hat in hand Davi's gondolier, a weather-beaten old Venetian, with the manners of a duke.

"The 'Angleterre,'" returned David, with a series of nods; he guessed the meaning of the question. Mrs. Wilton had furnished him with a list of hotels worthy his patronage in the different towns in which he was to stay.

Soon the boat was gliding on, along the Grand Canal, under the bridge of the Rialto, past the fruit market, with its wealth of grapes and pumpkins, beside world-famed Gothic or Renaissance palaces. He was in Venice at last—in Venice, the city of dreams—and the whole scene had come upon him so suddenly that he failed to grasp the reality of his surroundings.

All that day—after his luggage had been deposited and a bed room secured at the "Angleterre," on the Riva degli Schiavoni—David spent in sight seeing. He wandered, half dazed with the magnificence of its beauty, up and down St. Mark's, much pestered by assiduous guides, who, recognizing his nationality, addressed him in counterfeit of his own tongue. He visited the Doge's Palace, rambled through the galleries and crossed the Bridge of Sighs into the prison. He lost himself in the intricate streets about the Merceria, and he strolled along the Piazza of St. Mark, listening to the afternoon band. It was with the sense of a good day's work well done that he took his seat that evening at table d'hote, stifled a hungry yawn, stretched his tired legs under the table and looked about him. There was the usual Italian room, with its dingy wall paper, its stove and its painfed ceiling. There was the long table, with its [illegible] floral decoration; there was a [illegible] there was the sound of English [illegible] over every other tongue. The [illegible] looked full on the [illegible] placing a [illegible] and a plaintive little voice saluted him.

"Excuse me, sir, you know, whether there is to be singing on the Grand Canal to-night," said a voice in English in David's ear. Something in the tone at once arrested and fascinated his attention. He looked quickly down to a face turned to his and the blood mounted into his own face with a rush. The propounder of the question was his nearest neighbor, a young girl, the owner of the most attractive face that David had ever seen. From beneath a mass of glorious red-brown hair looked a pair of the merriest, brightest blue eyes in all the world. The nose, with its slight tendency to turn saucily upward, the dimpled chin and the laughing mouth, with its sweet red lips, made up a picture which dazzled and bewildered David.

"I—I—don't know," he stammered. "The ways of this place are strange to me; I only came into Venice this morning." Then he bent over his soup, feeling strangely shy and embarrassed.

"Indeed. Do you intend to remain long?" The girl's manner was in its frank friendliness a broad contrast to David's own. It was hardly perhaps the manner usually adopted by ladies in addressing a stranger of the other sex, but its fearless ease had in it nothing deserving the mysterious adjective "fast."

"About a week. I am going to Florence."

"To Florence!" The girl turned on David a rapid, inquiring glance. "Why, I believe," she said, suddenly laying down her spoon and laughing an amused little laugh, "that I know who you are."

"Who I am?"

"Yes. How odd that I should have come upon you so soon. You are Mrs. Wilton's nephew, David Murray."

"Did you gain that piece of information from your fellow fairies?" David had sufficiently overcome his shyness to venture on a tone of mild pleasantry, and some infinitesimal portion of the admiration which he felt found its way into his eyes.

"From no one more fairy-like than Mrs. Wilton herself. I am wintering in Florence with a friend, the lady opposite us." David glanced across the table towards a pompous-looking dame in a plum-colored silk dress and a lace cap, "and I know your aunt well. My friend and I are in Venice for a short holiday. Mrs. Wilton told us that you were coming to the 'Angleterre,' and I determined to look out for you. You wonder at my interest. Well! Mrs. Wilton told me too"—in a tone of mock solemnity—"about Mrs. Balfour, and Mrs. Balfour and I happen to be great friends."

"What about Mrs. Balfour?" asked David, huskily. Joyce had retired into the background of his memory; he was almost angry with this beautiful stranger for bringing her again into prominence. He had sent away his soup plate, half empty, and he waived an impatient refusal to a waiter who approached with fish.

"Oh, you know," with a gay laugh. "You are going to Florence in the character of a conquering hero, to carry off our heiress, Joyce Balfour."

The laugh nettled David. He colored crimson. "It pleases you," he said, crumbling his bread impatiently and speaking under his breath, "to make merry at my expense. But you are wrong in your statement. I don't think myself a conquering hero. I am going to Florence at Mrs. Wilton's request, to make he niece's acquaintance—nothing more. Probably I shall not like Miss Balfour; very probably she will not like me. Mrs. Wilton has no right to make schemes for us, or to publish them without consent and then to proclaim those schemes as certainties to all the world."

"Dear, dear! she doesn't proclaim her schemes to all the world. How fiery you are! I am, as I said, a friend of the family; it's only natural that Mrs. Wilton should be a little confidential to me."

Then the subject of Miss Balfour was allowed to drop. But other subjects presented themselves and conversation was well sustained through the long dinner. When at last the girl rose, turned to her neighbors with a bright little motion of her head between a bow and a nod—and passed out of the room in the company of the lady in the plum-colored silk, who honored the young man with a searching glance, David was astonished to remember how voluble he had been. Now that his companion was gone he wondered what to do with himself, and when he should see the friendly stranger again. He hung about the reading-room; she was not there. He toiled up to his bed-room, looked up paper and pencil and began a sonnet on a pair of blue eyes, left it unfinished and wandered out. The moon was shining on the open water before the Riva degli Schiavoni; the fishing boats, with their picturesque sails, stood out in silver light. But David did not linger—as he once would have lingered—to dream over the scene; he hurried on to the frequented Piazza of St. Mark. There he watched the crowds promenading up and down or seated outside the cafes, the officers with their jingling swords, the flower girls, the artists' models, the ladies, the newspaper vendors, the match boys and the barefooted searchers for cigar ends. He did not tell himself that it was in search of one of these that he had come, but he was conscious of a sense of disappointment when the girl was not among the throng.

He turned into the Florian, and sat down at a table d'hote and who was now sipping coffee and talking with her friend, he felt somehow as if a long search had been rewarded. He raised his hat and passed on, blushing like a girl when he received a responsive bow and smile. Then he walked slowly back down the Riva to his hotel, sat up late over his sonnet, tore it up in angry discontent and fell asleep to dream of an animated face and a pair of bewitching, bright blue eyes.

The days passed quickly. It was glorious autumn weather. Every morning David visited, in obedience to directions in his guide book, some famous churches or palaces, or he made his way to the studio of a modern artist; every afternoon he followed his own sweet will, strayed along the narrow streets, listening to the voluble sellers and the depreciatory buyers at the shops and stalls near the Rialto, and tried his own inexperienced hand at a bargain, or perhaps he took a gondola and was rowed to the Lido, or some other island of the Lagoons, returning at sunset, when the gold and crimson of the sky were reflected in the water. At table d'hote he related his adventures to his neighbor, who interrupted him with various [illegible] and who sometimes, if she thought proper to be in a communicative mood, deigned to respond with narrations of her own doings. All day long David looked forward to the tete-a-tete of the dinner hour. Every evening he went to the Piazza and marched up and down with solitary state, his eyes continually traveling in the same direction; or he sought a table at the cafe where he could furtively watch his new friend, who was pretty certain to be in sight. In his letters to Whitechapel he never once mentioned her. For one thing he did not know her name. Once, in a fit of their sitting-room curiosity, he had cursorily glanced through a list of names in the "Visitors' Book," but among them all how could he distinguish the one in which he was interested? The ladies were known by the waiter fraternity of the hotel as les dames du numero vingt-cinq, the number of their sitting-room. When speaking to his neighbor David had at his tongue's tip a downright question concerning her name, but he had hitherto too shy to utter it. He fully intended to be bolder one day. Meanwhile in his verses—she had found her way into most of his verses written at this period—he used, for some fanciful reason of his own, to call her "Hera."

It turned out that the length of the girl's stay in Venice was identical with David's; they were both to leave on the same day.

On the last evening in Venice David and Hera found themselves walking together and separately unaccompanied along the Piazza. Mooning along in his usual fashion, the young man had happened to brush against the ladies; as both he and they were bound for the Angleterre it was natural that they should walk together.

But the elder lady of the company was presently pounced upon by an Italian countess, who insisted on monopolizing her attention. David moved on with Hera; he could hear a ceaseless stream of foreign sounding English flowing on behind him.

A strange silence came over the young man. Intently—almost breathlessly—he watched his companion. She had drawn off one of her gloves. On one of her fingers was a ring, with a forget-me-not in turquoises. David wondered, with a touch of utterly unreasonable jealousy, whose hand had placed it there.

The silence seemed oppressive to the girl. "Let us hurry to the Riva and see the moonlight on the water," she said. "Moonlight on the water is the most correct of all Venetian beauties."

"Certainly." David tried to shake off his taciturnity—to emulate his companion's gaiety. But the attempt ended in failure; he was obviously dull and miserable.

Oh, the beauty of the evening—an evening never to pass from David's memory! How grand and solemn the Ducal palace looked in the moonlight! how still was the water! how sweetly came the sound of singing voices from the Grand Canal! On the steps of one of the many bridges on the Riva both walkers came simultaneously to a standstill.

"So this is our last evening in Venice!" said the girl, resting her arms on the top of the bridge and looking musingly down into the water.

"Why do you tell me that? Surely I know it," burst out David, savagely. The girl glanced up, startled by the sharpness of his voice.

"What's the matter?"

"Ah me! Sic transit gloria mundi."

"I beg your pardon."

"I beg yours; I was quoting Latin. What I want to say is that—that—the prospect of bidding you good-bye is—well—is the reverse of an enlivening one to me."

"How solemn you are," with a laugh. "And for no reason at all. We shall often meet again."

"Shall we?" David leaned his elbow on the top of the bridge. He bent his head down close to the girl's. Her hair almost brushed his cheek.

"Of course," a little impatiently. "My friend and I go to Florence to-morrow and, as I told you, I am a great friend of Mrs. Wilton's; I look in upon her every day."

"But I am not going to Mrs. Wilton's." David spoke in a suppressed voice; he did not raise his head.

"What *do* you mean?"

"What I say. I cannot go to her now. I had not been a day in Venice before I grew aware of that fact. But I could not—forgive me—resign the pleasure of staying on here with you. My expenses at Venice must be refunded—somehow—" with a grim smile. "You are going to-morrow; then I leave the same day for London."

"Good gracious!" The girl raised herself from her stooping position. "How changeable and how incomprehensible you are! What has happened since you left home to change your plans so suddenly?"

"Everything has happened." Half mechanically, Hera had moved on a few paces, and David walked beside her; they descended the bridge steps and made their way slowly along the river.

"You know of—you spoke of—a matrimonial scheme for me which was the cause of Mrs. Wilton's invitation. When I left home I was free; it was at least possible than an introduction to Miss Balfour might, if my advances proved acceptable, end in the accomplishment of my aunt's scheme. Now, all that possibility is over."

"Why over?"

"I am not free now," cried the young man, passionately. "Since I have met you I have learned that Miss Balfour and I could never at best be more to each other than good friends."

An inscrutable expression came into the girl's face. She stood still and eyed her companion searchingly. "Surely," she said, "if you oppose your aunt's plans you will injure your prospects for life."

"Yes," answered David, with simple candor. "My mother will be sorely disappointed; she had hoped so much from my aunt's new interest in me. I am sorry for my mother, but I don't fear the future for myself [illegible]." David broke off.

"Won't you wait till you see Miss Balfour before you decide on opposing your aunt's views?"

"Why should I see her?" vehemently. "The very thought of Miss Balfour is hideous to me."

"And how shall you explain your change of plans to Mrs. Wilton?"

"Explain? I shall write and tell her the truth—shall say that I have met you."

The girl's lips parted in a curious smile. She stood stock-still, facing David in the moonlight. "Whom shall you say that you have met?" she said, lifting her eyes suddenly to her companion's face.

"I—I—don't know; a thousand times I have wanted to ask your name. Will you tell it to me now?" faltered David, humbly.

"To be sure. I am Joyce Balfour."

"Joyce Balfour!" If a bolt from Jove had fallen at David's feet he could hardly have been more astounded. If ever he were dumbfounded in his life he was so at this crisis of his fate.

A merry laugh recalled his wandering wits. "Yes, I am Joyce Balfour and Mrs. Wilton's ward; it is Mrs. Wilton with whom I am staying at the Angleterre. I never expected to remain unknown to you so long. Men are slow at guessing; a women would have found us out long ago. Why there are a thousand ways of learning our names, and I often wondered why you didn't ask me point-blank, downright. When we first heard that you were going to stay in Venice I persuaded Mrs. Wilton to come over here and make your acquaintance under the rose. It was no more pleasant to me than to you I can tell you, to be under orders in matters matrimonial to Mrs. Wilton; I was no more willing to accept your advances than you were to offer them. At least, I wanted, before we were formally introduced, to know you for myself, in my own way; to see you and talk with you when you were off your guard. It is, of course, for you to say"—with an arch glance at David's disconsolate face—"whether you will abide by your decision to return to England to-morrow. But at least, sir"—with a saucy smile and bright look in the blue eyes—"you will please apologize very humbly for your assurance in stating before my very face that the thought of Joyce Balfour is hideous to you."

We suppose that David's apology proved an ample one. At any rate, we know that a year after the events related in our story David was not only installed steward of Mrs. Wilton's estates in Devonshire and Somerset, but that he was also married to Miss Balfour. The first volume of poems which he offered to the world had a dedication, "To my wife, Joyce."

A Hancock Story.

During the trial of President Lincoln's assassins sixty-five men of the 6th W. Va. Cavalry were divided up into squads of four or five, and assigned the duty of guarding the members of the military court, then trying Mrs. Surratt and others. This escort to and from the court room was thought necessary on account of the many threatening letters received by the members of that court.

A certain corporal, with four men, was ordered to report at Gen. Hancock's headquarters, in Washington City. When the corporal entered the general's presence he was surrounded by a number of officers, and upon his making his report, Gen. Hancock ordered him to take a seat, and pointing to the door of an inner room, said:

"When Gen. Holt comes out of that room, follow and guard him wherever he goes."

About three hours afterward, when the crowd of officers had left the general's presence, he turned round, and seeing the corporal sitting there grim as death, he shouted at him:

"What the h—l are you doing there?"

"Waiting for Gen. Holt, sir," saluting.

"Gen. Holt left here two hours ago," replied Hancock.

"Beg your pardon, general; no general officer has left that room since I have been here."

"Why, Gen. Holt is in citizen's clothes."

"That may be, general; but there are a d—d sight of men in this town in citizens' clothes that I don't know," answered the corporal.

The general laughed good-naturedly, and told him to return next day and he would point out Gen. Holt, who was at that time adjutant-general of the United States.

Beds in Old Times.

Two hundred years and more ago the beds in England were bags filled with straw or leaves, but not upholstered or squared with modern neatness. The bag could be opened and the litter remade daily. There were few bed-rooms in the houses of ancient England. The master and the mistress of the Anglo-Saxon house had a chamber or shed built against the wall that inclosed the mansion and its dependencies; their daughter had the same. Young men and guests slept in the great hall, which was the only noticeable room in the house, on tables or benches. Woolen coverlets were provided for warmth; poles or hooks on which they could hang their clothes, projected from the wall; perches were provided for their hawks. Attendants and servants slept upon the floor.

A Penalty Promptly Inflicted.

An insurance man tells a story of telephone experience in Detroit, which has both a serious and a comical aspect. The Burnham Wire Works at Detroit took fire, and the watchman on duty rang up the telephone lady, who, as in this case made acid provided, asked, "What number do you want?"

Watchman: "Give me the fire department, quick."

Telephone lady: "What number do you want?"

Watchman: "Oh! blank the blank number; give me the fire department. We are all ——s. Blank, blank, blank; quick!"

Then, having notified the fire worshippers of the condition of things, he rang up again and asked for the house of one of the [illegible]—the receiver, perhaps—and was [illegible] by the telephone lady that "The [illegible] at the Burnham Wire Works had been discontinued on account of profane [illegible] having been used."

Humor.

CURING A HUSBAND

Of the Habit of Staying Out Late at Night —Homœopathic Treatment.

A young lady came to me the other day and asked me to give her some advice. She was married, had a two-year-old child, and her experience in matrimony stretched across the wide and weary space of four years.

I got at the core of her infelicity in less than two minutes; her husband wouldn't stay at home nights.

She told me the whole story through her tears and I am afraid she thought me terribly heartless. I laughed so jollily and cruelly at everything she said.

I think from her statement that she wanted me to believe that her husband had a door-knob with ventricles in its interior and arteries leading into and out of it for the circulation of ice water stowed away under the ribs of his left side, and that the door-knob was the least impressionable thing in existence this side of a granite quarry.

She told me all about him as far as his especial [illegible] was concerned.

"He [illegible] never satisfied," she said, "unless he is rambling the streets with other rowdies like himself, or is in some mean and [illegible] mischief."

She gave him a pedigree as long as the Spanish Infanta's list of titles, and if there is anything soulless under the sun that she didn't compare him with, it has slipped my memory.

And all because he forsook the comforts of his home at night and looked for happiness and an agreeable way of murdering time down town.

He gave her the old racket. One night it was lodge; next night it was business; another night it was seeing a friend off on the 9 o'clock train; then there was the sick man to sit up with, and again it was a committee meeting of some kind or other.

There was a plausible little excuse for his absence from home until 12 o'clock every night.

I could see right away that he had given the delicate little creature a delightful whirl, and I made up my mind before she had reached her second lamentation that her husband was carrying $3,000 insurance on his life just for the sake of the lodge nights, committee meetings, sick brothers and things of that kind which it furnished him with.

If a newspaper had caught hold of her story and printed it in all its harrowing details, that man would have been held up to the public as the rankest scoundrel that ever obtained a marriage.

Why, it seems that an one occasion he remained out until 1:45 a. m., and then gave the excuse that there was a big fire down town, and he stopped to take it in he missed the last car, and was obliged to wait for the "owl."

She looked in the paper next day and couldn't find any fire at all reported; on the contrary, there was a small item down in one corner of the paper, setting forth the startling fact that the fire department had not been disturbed by an alarm for four days.

The only explanation that he vouchsafed was to call the paper a liar, and to say that they were probably holding the item back for their weekly edition.

When she tried to argue the improbability of such an action, he shut her up by declaring that women were the contaminated sex; fools the Lord ever put breath into, and the man who tried to explain anything to one of them ought to be carried straightway to a dime museum and put in the same cage with the Aztec children.

She gave this as a sample of his treatment, and I present it to the reader as a fair specimen of the set-tos they seem to have in this small family.

It would not be difficult for any unprejudiced jury to arrive at the conclusion that this little lady had been and was still dealing with a villain.

She cried copiously as she reeled off her woes to me, and said that was the way she cried when her husband was out at night.

I came pretty near pitying her, but I shut down on my sympathy valve and gave the subject about four minutes' consideration.

I looked at it from both standpoints—from its down-town aspect and from its family circle phases—and then I came to a conclusion.

I told her to dry her tears and go home, pull her chewing gum off the mantelpiece, and proceed to mind her own business in the way she was wont to do before she became acquainted with her genial mate.

"Don't say another word to him about going down town any more!" said I. "Let HIM GO, with a big G-O."

"That's just what'll suit him," said the little lady. "If I let him go, he'll never come home at all."

"Then let him stay away," I told her. "Encourage him to stay away. Send somebody down to meet him on his road home who will prevail on him to turn back."

She couldn't understand this, and I couldn't make her understand it. She was afraid she might lose her night hawk, and, as she remarked, a bird of that kind, even in the hand, was worth two in the bush.

I told her, though, that I was a philosopher, and, like all philosophers, the less intelligible my advice, the better chances of having it effect some good.

She at last consented to try my remedy on her husband, and this is the treatment that I recommended—it will apply to all husbands who are fond of going down town after supper:

When he goes out in the morning never ask him to hurry home.

When he appears for supper have it all ready for him, and rush him through it as quickly as possible.

The moment he rises from the table get his hat and coat, help him rapidly with the former, and tell him that if he makes haste he may catch the car that is just passing.

Should he try to explain that it is lodge night or that they are "taking stock at the store," hush him up and tell him to lose no time in getting to his destination.

If he remarks that he will be home at 10, ask him as a favor not to come until 11:30, as you expect company, and they may remain late.

When he does come home pay no attention to or take no interest in him. Devote yourself ardently to getting him out of the house, but never make any fuss about his return.

After a night or two you may send his supper down to the office with a nice loving little note saying you know that he will appreciate the surprise—and the supper, too—but your idea is to save him time, trouble and car fare.

In a week you may add another kindness. Insist on his getting a down-town room, which will spare him the inconvenience of riding in the late cars, and say that you will be satisfied if he spends only a few hours at home on Sunday.

Keep this kind of thing going. Do your utmost to make his down town life pleasant. Reapprieve and kindness upon him, but continue to encourage his night rambles.

If he says anything about home, tell him home is a popular delusion that John Howard Payne and his silly sentimentality are responsible for.

Don't let him hang around home at all; hustle him out early and bind him with a chain of roses to his down town haunts and down town friends.

Do this straight along, instead of sitting sniffling in a corner and painting your eyes red with grief every time he happens to be away from you.

Do it for a month, and do it as herein prescribed, and unless your husband is a policeman, or draws a salary as your father's son-in-law, he will suddenly become so attached to his home that neither poker game, wrestling match nor leg show will lure him 40 feet from his own front door.

It cured [illegible]—*San Francisco Post.*

His Wife Not a Lactometer Case.

Mr. Flepper was complaining yesterday to his grocer of the poor character of the lacteal fluid the milkmen sold him, and the latter advised him to get a lactometer.

"A lactometer! What's that?" he asked.

"An instrument which determines if there is any water in the milk."

"Well, the lactometer wouldn't do me any good."

"Why?"

"What I want to determine is whether there is any milk in the water he sells me."

It Certainly Was Time.

There was a clock in the hotel parlor. The young man had no watch. Neither had the young woman he was making a visitation [illegible] had been talking about [illegible] in the evening. "Eh, [illegible] don't," she [illegible]ded. "That is, I don't [illegible] in the evening." "Oh, [illegible] before 10 [illegible] it is about 9 o'clock. He said [illegible]y, "it is about 9 o'clock now." "[illegible]" she [illegible]fortfully, "is it so early? I [illegible] was half-past 10 at least." The [illegible] got up and went away.

FIRED AT 10:30.

How Thomas Obeyed Orders Not Wisely but Too Well.

They engaged a new porter at a Lafayette, Ind., hotel. He was a young man, with Hibernian type of countenance and large, horny hands about the size of hams. Everybody liked him, he was so cheerful, so obliging, and so rigorously and scrupulously exact in carrying out every order given him.

On last Tuesday Mr. J. B. Johnson, put up at the hotel. Mr. Johnson is a very dignified and polished gentleman, and extremely particular about his room and service. That evening a very extraordinary thing occurred. Some say it was about nine o'clock; others place it as late as half-past ten. At any rate, somewhere near that time Mr. Johnson was amazed to see the door of his room open and a man step in.

"Who the devil are you?" asked Mr. Johnson.

"O I am the porter," replied the stranger, deliberately removing his coat and rolling up his sleeves.

"Well, what is the meaning of this singular intrusion?" inquired Mr. Johnson.

Thomas did not reply. He spit upon his hands, executed a rapid and fantastic jig and leaped suddenly upon the astonished guest.

"Help! Murder!" bellowed Mr. Johnson, "crazy man killing me!"

"Shut up, ye dirthy spalpeen!" exclaimed Thomas, obtaining a firm grip upon the bust of his trousers and propelling him rapidly out of the room, "it's none of the loikes of ye that's wanted in a dacent house."

"But, my good man!" gasped Mr. Johnson, as words coming by excited jerks, "there is some mistake! Let me explain!"

"Niver a ward, ye hoodlum!" replied Thomas rushing him toward the stairs; "we're on by ye! The house has had ye spotted!"

The next instant, the guests in the corridor were amazed to see two figures, one sputtering and kicking and the other grim and determined, shoot down the staircase, plunge through the lobby and disappear in the darkness. In a few momeuts Thomas returned panting and rolling down his sleeves.

"What in the name of Heaven were you doing?" asked Mr. Weekly, the proprietor, when he recovered sufficiently from the shock to speak.

"I was firing that dirty blackguard, Johnson," replied Thomas.

"Firing him? Hold me, somebody! Who put such an infernal idea into your head?"

"Here she is," replied Thomas, with an imitation air, holding the slate before the proprietor's eyes.

"By—the—great—horn—spoon," gasped Mr. Weekly, and swooned away.

This was what he read:

"No. 40; fire at 10:30."

French Frivolities.

Miss Lili is scolded by her nurse for making faces.

"You will become frightfully homely if you persist in making such faces."

"Then you must have made a great many faces, nurse, when you were a little girl," responded Lili.

Y—— is dangerously sick abed, and his wife and intimate friend who are watching at his side try to divert his mind by a little conversation.

"It is a delightful thing," said his friend, "to have so devoted a wife. It almost makes one want to be sick."

"Go and get married, then?"

"I have been thinking of it, and already have my eye on a certain widow."

"A widow!" exclaimed Y——, bitterly. "Am I so low as that then?"

Gasconade:

"How you get such a fine bass voice?"

"I catch cold by going out without a hat."

A well dressed gentleman presents a note at the bank to be changed. The cashier tells him that it is a counterfeit. He smiles and takes another from his pocket.

"Hold on; here is a good one." Then he adds, with charming good nature, "Of course it does no harm to try, you know."

An O'Hara Who Is Not Irish.

One of the constituents of the Hon. Tim Campbell was at the Capitol, Washington, the other day to consult with him on some measure of special interes to his Hibernian friends.

"Be jabers, Tim, ivery O'rish mimber must be sane and tocked with."

"Av coorse," replied Tim.

Then Mr. Campbell went over the names and, like a sensible statesman, with a Congressional directory before him and a pass-book in his hand, took them down.

"Is that the end av the lish?" he asked when Tim had got through.

"Oi can't mintion any more jist at present," replied the Congressman.

"That's the matter wid O'Hara, of North Carrylimy?" asked the constituent as his eye fell upon the name in the directory. "Yez haven't mintioned him that oi hev never saw a case yet with the cattle came off victorious."—*Exchange.*

A Real Mrs. Partington.

Washington society has been enlivened this season by the presence of a *bona fide* Mrs. Partington, who hails from one of the Carolinas, but spends her winters at the national capital.

Recent Literature.

"Eventful Nights in Bible History" has for its author Rev. Alfred Lee, the bishop of the Protestant Episcopal church in Delaware, who brought to his work a thorough fitness in preparation and an elegant mode of expression. From the Old Testament he has taken fifteen nights in which events of deep significance occurred and from the New, seventeen. The Bible student will find much to please and interest him in these descriptions, and in following the tracing of the lessons taught. The style is extremely clear, simple, yet vivid and elegant. The book is brought out by Harper & Brothers, New York.

Harper and Brothers have just issued "Manual Training. The Solution of Social and Industrial Problems," by Charles H. Ham, a gentleman well prepared to speak intelligently upon this subject which is of such present vital interest. It is a compact volume of some 400 pages that gives a clear idea of the practical objects of manual training and its effect in educating the young. He shows clearly the defects in the prevailing systems both public and private, and the rational effect of the manual element would have upon some of the social problems of the day. The work is an admirable one and will well repay a careful reading, finding also a large and ready sale to an interested public.

The same house also issues a volume of the second series in "Lives of Greek Statesmen," by Rev. Sir George W. Cox. Those who are familiar with the first series will not need to be told that the second is full of interest. The author undertook to deal in the present volume with the statesmen whose lives belong for the most part to the period of the fatal struggle between Athens and Sparta, but has confined himself to those whose political activity immediately preceded that event, beginning with Ephialtes and ending with Hermokrates. A third volume is to follow.

Another recent issue of the Harpers is "In the Golden Days," by Edna Lyall, which is a prettily written story of the England of 200 years ago. A number of historical characters are introduced, although the author emphatically disclaims the title of "historical novel." One or two of these characters are Algernon Sydney, and Betterton, the actor. It is a very interesting story, well written, and because it is such a change from the novels of to day, decidedly refreshing.

The "Mill Mystery" is one of the Knickerbocker series of novels, from G. P. Putnam's Sons, written by Anna Katherine Green, the author of "The Leavenworth Case," and several other stories of a similar character. The present one is sensational and exciting, the plot being a tragic one and well carried out. The author's previous works have made her readers welcome anything new coming from her pen. That there is a happy ending, is the one thing that relieves the intensity of feeling with which the book will be read.

The same house has issued "The World and the Logos," by Hugh Miller Thompson, L. L. D., which is one of what are called the Bedell lectures, the object of which is to give to the students of Gambier College all of the light upon the relations of Science and Religion that can be obtained from the intellectual religious leaders of the country. The present lecture takes up the doctrine of the evolution of the human race and compares it with the Mosaic record of the creation.

The Putnams also add to the list of the Story of the Nations the "Story of Chaldea from the Earliest Times to the Rise of Assyria." The author of the present work is Zenaide A. Ragozin, who shows himself thoroughly prepared to deal with the matter in hand. A great deal of interest is about the ruins found, the abundance and vastness of the cemeteries in Chaldea, the decoration of vaults, etc., all of which throw light upon the character of its ancient people. The story of this ancient country will be found a very interesting one to read. The book is fully illustrated, the typography excellent, as is that of the others of the series preceding it.

"The Correspondent," by Jas. Wood Davidson, A. M., is a little book issued by Appleton & Company, New York, which gives much valuable information to the letter writers. The matter is all arranged alphabetically so that any special matter of inquiry is readily answered. It will be found to be a very convenient reference book.

"The Poet Scout" is a volume of poems from the pen of the well known "Captain Jack," with a biography of the author by Hugh Irvine. There is a steel engraving of "Captain Jack" and the book is copiously illustrated. The story of Capt. Jack's life is an epic and a romance in one, beginning with his enlistment, at the age of 16, in the army of the Potomac, and extending through the most famous of the Indian wars, in which he served as chief scout. He is a sharpshooter, and was the crack marksman in Col. Henry Pleasant's regiment, and was twice wounded, first at Spottsylvania, and again at Petersburg. He was the pioneer of the gold-seekers in the Black Hills, and assisted Gen. Sheridan in preparing his map of the Black Hills. Captain Jack is a natural poet, having never been to school in his life.

The *Magazine of Art* for April contains "Slyfield Surrey," by Basil Champneys; "Franz Defregger," by Helen Zimmern; "A Chapter on Fireplaces," by J. H. Pollen; "The Tiber from Bagnorea to the Source," by William Davies; "The Annunciation in Art," by Julia Cartwright; "American Embroideries," by S. R. Koehler; "Art in Phœnicia," by William Holmden, and the full-page pictures, "Susi," a reproduction from Defregger; "Forward," from De Neuville's picture, and "The Melon Eaters," from Merrilo's picture. The book possesses great artistic merit. Cassell & Co., New York; $3.50 a year.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for April opens with a paper on Gouverneur Morris by Henry Cabot Lodge. A short story by Sarah Orne Jewett, entitled "Dulham Ladies," is a pleasant feature of the number, and with Mr. James's and Mr. Murfee's serials furnishes its nucleus. Two important papers, one on "Responsible Government under the Constitution," by Woodrow Wilson, the other, "Reformation of Charity," by D. O. Kellogg, will be of interest to thoughtful readers. Julian Hawthorne contributes a paper on the "Problems of the Scarlet Letter," and this, with an article on "Children, Past and Present," by Agnes Repplier, and "Shylock vs. Antonio, a Brief for Plaintiff on Appeals," by Charles Henry Phelps, comprises the chief contents of the number. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, $4 a year.

WINTER BATHING SUITS.

Honest Simplicity in Washington Society —An Unfashionable Handkerchief.

"Yes, I've been down to Washington," said an elderly passenger, with an old-fashioned turn-down collar, "went down to see my darter. Like Washington? Can't say as I do, stranger. My darter was down there visitin the senator kindly from our state. After a spell I concluded to go down myself an' see how things was getting along, an' so I started. The second night after my arrival there was a party at the senator's, an' I was there. They put a biled shirt on me an' made me wear a white neck-tie, but I drawed the line on one of the senator's swaller-tail coats they wanted me to wear. "When they showed me into the room where the company was I nearly went diazy. There was men wearin' bootjack coats an' collars high enough to answer for pokes on unruly colts. But that wasn't all. The women were dressed in things I had never seen afore. They looked like bathin dresses or somethin o' that kind, and seemed to have run short o' material in the makin' of 'em. I'm no fool, though, if I am gettin' rather old, and I circulated around and took in the show. It was right interestin', too, and I began to feel young again. To tell the truth, I got purty frisky, and I reckon that all that around quite lively.

"But just then my darter came into the room, an' I could hardly believe my eyes. I never thought it of her. She was dressed as I had never seen her dressed afore, not since she was a little gal. Never had she showed herself, even to her dad in such a rig as that, let alone to a house full of strange company. I felt a chill come over me. 'I'm not too old to like to look at these other women,' says I to myself, 'but that's my own darter, and won't stand it.' And I didn't stand it, nuther. I got up, took my old bandanner handkerchief, threw it around my darter's neck an' shoulders, an' led her from the room. The next day I started for home."

"But your daughter—where is she?"

"That's her sittin' 'cross the aisle there lookin' ugly enough to eat nails."

—Get up a clnb for Maher & Grosh Knives.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

Queer Fancies of Those Who are Just Lifting Life's Curtain.

A young lady friend of mine has a mission class in an Episcopal Sunday school. She has been trying for several Sundays to explain the meaning of Lent and the solemnity of its observance. Yesterday she asked:

"Now, which of you can tell me what Lent is?"

For a while no one replied; then a little girl in the corner answered, "I know."

"Well," Maria, what is it?"

"It's the time when the ladies ask the gentlemen to marry them."

THEY ONLY JOIN THE CHOIR.

A very bright little lad of thirteen years, son of a very popular vocalist, joined his mother's church recently and felt very proud over it. While he was stalking around the house, bearing his new honors with dignity, a much younger brother exclaimed: "You feel mighty big, don't you? I'll never join the church, anyway!" On being asked why, he replied: "Because I won't—I'm going to be a choir singer like father; and singers never join the church, you know!"

DEFECTIVE INFORMATION.

A bright-eyed little girl of nine years was on board a Kansas Pacific train bound for Denver. She had never before been beyond the limits of her eastern home and manifested unusual interest in all she saw. The wide plains and the prairie dogs interested her, but she was most anxious to see a genuine specimen of that purely Western product—a cowboy. The train was waiting at a station in Kansas when the longed for cowboy appeared. He was a typical specimen — wide sombrero, leather breeches, red flannel shirt, a belt filled with knives and pistols, and a desperate-looking character generally.

"There is a cowboy for you," whispered a gentleman to the little girl.

"What! that?" she asked in unfeigned surprise and evident disappointment. "Why, I always thought a cowboy was part boy and part cow."

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

A little girl who lives in the Highlands went up to Vermont one summer a few years ago. Contrary to their expectations when they left home, her father and mother took and occupied a small and very scantily furnished farm-house during the summer. One day the five-year-old child was rebuked for some misdemeanor, whereupon she put on her most philosophical manner and astonished her elders by remarking: "Well, mamma, I don't know how anybody can live religion in such a horrid old house!" Circumstances do have something to do with the case, after all.

A NEW CITY IN ECUADOR.

A young teacher tells us of her own amusing perplexities in geographical recitation, trouble in pronunciation was the constant cause of questions. "Do the best you can," said the teacher, "but do not keep running to me." A persistent little girl asked almost immediately how to pronounce the South American city Guayaquil.

"Attack it," was the terse reply.

Without an instant's hesitation the girl continued her recitation:

"Attackit is a city of Ecuador."

UP IN ORNITHOLOGY.

Three toddlers were seated round a pictorial Bible on a wet Sunday afternoon turning and criticising the plates until that of Jacob's dream demanded instant and earnest attention. The artist had portrayed Jacob asleep at the foot of a flight of steps reaching to the imaginary heaven on which were angels with orthodox wings, etc.

"Wonder, Belle, why the bootiful angels want wings when there are stairs for them to walk on?"

"Don't know—but say! praps tis moulting season and they can't fly!"

It was a family ornithologically inclined.

TELEGRAMS FROM A TRAIN.

The Electricity Jumps from the Cars to the Telegraph Poles.

A telegraph operator sat at a little table in the forward car of a train which boomed northward from Chicago over the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad. On the table was a telegraph instrument of peculiar pattern—one of Mr. Edison's latest inventions —which, instead of clicking, uttered a faint duck-like "squawk" and struck fire at every effort. Clapped over the telegraph operator's ears were small telephonic receivers, which looked like ear-muffs. These were connected by wire with the "squawking" instrument. A wire connected this instrument with the side of the car trucks, and another wire connected it with the tin roof of the car. The connection with the rails made the ground connection.

The tin roofs of the cars comprising the train was charged with electricity by means of a simple electric magnet, and were connected with each other by wires. The complete electric current was made by what is technically known as "induction"—the electricity in a manner jumping from the telegraph lines along the road to the tin roof of the car. With the electric current complete, the operator, with the hard rubber ear muffs, was sending dispatches while the train was under way. The dispatches were received at Wadsworth, a small station midway between Chicago and Milwaukee. The operator there heard the "squawking" of the instrument in the car by a telephone, and repeated the message by the usual method of Morse telegraphy. Messages from various points were received by the operator on the car by means of his telephone ear-muffs.

The train carried about two hundred representatives of the press and the railroad and telegraph interests of the northwest. The object of the excursion was to test the new system of telegraph and telephone company and the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad company.

The first test of the system was made in the east a month ago, when it was pronounced a success. The most important use of the system will be in the operation of railroads. By it a train dispatcher can send orders directly to moving trains, instead of stations. Many accidents can be avoided, and in case of an accident between stations telegraphic communication can be had with the wreck.

It was generally understood that this test was with a view to the adoption of the system by the St. Paul road. Officials of the road say this is doubtful. Its adoption would add $250,000 yearly to the company's pay-roll and it is a question whether the benefits would offset the expense. Yesterday's experiments were entirely successful. The train conductor received the following order from the train dispatcher while the train was running forty miles an hour:

P. J. Glass and Engineer: Run to Russell regardless of No. 4. Answer. *C. T. K.*

The conductor answered from the running train, "2 13" (I understand). A few moments later Mr. Murfee's train dispatcher "O. K. 'd" the answer. This was the first train order ever sent in this manner. Many of the excursionists left in Chicago sealed dispatches, addressed to themselves on board the train, and while under way they were received on the car. The excursionists landed in Milwaukee, and returned to Chicago at 6 o'clock in the evening.

Resolutions of thanks to the companies giving the excursion were adopted on the train, and telegraphed to New York while the train was moving.

A New Rubber Combination.

The New England manufacturers of rubber goods have made an arrangement by which the sale of their productions can be simplified and the expense reduced. These New England firms manufacture three-fourths of all the rubber goods made in the country, and do a business of about $30,000,000 a year. Heretofore it has cost them from 5 to 6 per cent. to sell their goods. Each firm was obliged to have agents scattered over the country, and it was impossible to fix a stable price for the jobbing trade. By the new arrangement there will be only three agencies for selling the goods of the New England firms. One will be in Boston, one in New York, and one in Chicago. This arrangement is not intended to advance the price of rubber goods, and the firms in the combination say they will be able to make better goods and sell them at lower prices than ever before. The New York and New Jersey companies have not as yet asked to join the combination.

—Recognizing the superior excellence of the St. Louis Magazine, we have arranged to furnish it with the WEEKLY BLADE at the low price of $1.75 per year for both publications, the Magazine, under its large and improved condition, being $1.50 alone. Sample copy of Magazine and set of beautiful gold colored picture cards sent to any one for 10 cents. Address C. J. Gilmour, 213 N. Eighth street, St. Louis, Mo.

Modesty's Shy Request.

"You are the manager of the road?"

"Yes, sir. What can I do for you?"

"I see you are cutting rates to California."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I called to see if I could get a pass. I didn't like to ask you for one when the rates were up—don't like to be too hard on you, you know—but now that they're way down, of course 'tain't asking so much."

—HAVE YOU CATARRH? There is one remedy you can try without danger of humbug. Send to H. G. Colman, chemist, Kalamazoo, Mich., for trial package of his Cartarrh Cure. His only method of advertising is by giving it away. Postage 2c. Try it and judge for yourself.

AHEAD OF EDISON.

An Illinois Train News Agent Who Antedated the Wizard.

"Edison may think he has this business of telegraphing from a moving train down fine," said the candy butcher, "but I can go him one better. I have been sending messages from a moving train for two years, and stopped only three months ago. That ain't all, either, I send my autograph by wire, and boxes of candy, fruit, novels, and a hull lot o' such things. Edison is way behind the times."

"You're lying."

"No, I hain't. I swear by the great horned spoon that I am telling the truth, s'elp me. You doubt me? Of course. All great inventors have been greeted in this cold world by sneers and incredulity. That has been the fortune of all of us great men. But we get there just the same. You want to hear how I did it? Well, I'll tell you. About two years ago I went gone on a girl who lived down in the country in a house located about a half mile from the track in a little valley. There was no station there, and I didn't get to see her very often, except at a distance—a wave of a handkerchief, or something like that—and this wasn't satisfactory, as you may imagine. My train never passed that way unless I had a yearning that there would be an accident or something that would cause us to lay over two or three days. I used to think seriously about throwing myself off the rear car and getting hurt, so I could be carried to her house and by her fair hands and loving tenderness nursed slowly back to the strength and health of a vigorous young manhood, as the story books have it. By the way, have you seen the latest sensation? Great work. Six hundred pages, illuminated cover, big print, and only 75 cents. The title? Oh, yes, 'Sammy Jones' Crisis; or, The Empty Collection Basket.' Sells like hot cakes. Have one to-day? No? All right. But I didn't throw myself off the train, not just then. Might have done it but for an idea. An idea came to me from out of the clouds, I guess. It was a regular inspiration. It broke all over me like a bad egg, which a granger threw at me from a barn on the road in revenge for cheating him out of a nickel. It took possession of me from my brain to my heart. I wasn't long getting to work on it, either. The very next Sunday I stopped at the nearest station, hired a livery horse and carriage, and drove out to my girl's house. Under the seat in the carriage I had a big roll of telegraph wire which the linemen had left out in the storm. I told the girl of my little scheme, and she became enthusiastic over it. Between the horse and the railroad, a half-mile away, was a piece of woods coming clear up to the track. Here we were walking, and I took along my roll of wire and some tools which she sneaked out of her dad's shop. We worked like beavers all the afternoon, and by night had a wire stretched from the track down the hillside to an arbor in the garden by the house. From that on I sent her a message every time I passed. Some days I sent her books, oranges, boxes of candy, everything like that. How? Just as easy as falling off a log. I had stretched the wire from the top of a whistle post close by the side of the track, and in my kit I kept a lot of little wire fixin's which I made myself. They fit the wire nicely, and to 'em I could tie letters, light packages an' such things, an' then all I had to do was to wait for the whistle post, hoop in hand, and, on reaching the post, slip the hoop on the wire while the train was running 40 miles an hour. Down the hillside the letter glided with great rapidity, and at the other end of the line she was waiting on the arbor hands for my message. Great scheme, isn't it?"

"Yes; but how did you come to stop on it?"

"Why, 'bout three months ago I married the girl. You wouldn't expect a man to go to all that trouble in order to keep up communication with his own wife, would you?" —*Chicago Herald.*

THE THREE JOLLY HUSBANDS.

A Story So Old that It Is New to Present Readers.

Three jolly husbands out in the country, by the names of Tim Watson, Joe Brown and Bill Walker, sat late one evening drinking at the village tavern, until being pretty well corned, they agreed that each one, on returning home, should do the first thing that his wife told him, in default of which he would pay a forfeit of twenty-five bill. They then separated for the night, engaging to meet the next morning and give an honest account of their proceedings at home, so far as they related to the bill. The next morning Walker and Brown were early at their posts, but it was some time before Watson made his appearance. Walker began first:

"You see, when I entered my house the candle was out, and, the fire giving but a glimmering of light, I came near walking into a pot of butter that the pancakes were to be made of in the morning. My wife, who was dreadfully out of humor, said to me sarcastically:

"'Bill, do put your foot in that batter.'

"'Just as you say, Maggy,' said I, and without the least hesitation I put my foot in the pot of batter and went to bed."

Next Joe Brown told his story:—

"My wife had already retired in our usual sleeping-room, which adjoins the kitchen, and the door of which was ajar; not being able to navigate perfectly, you know, I made a dreadful clattering among the household furniture, and my wife, in no very pleasant tone, bawled out:—

"'Do break the porridge pot.'

"No sooner said than done. I seized hold of the handle of the pot, and, striking it against the chimney jam, broke it in a thousand pieces. After this exploit I retired to rest, and got a curtain lecture till I fell asleep."

It was now Tim Watson's turn to give an account of himself, which he did with a very long face, as follows:

"My wife gave me the most unlucky command in the world, for I was blundering up-stairs in the dark, when she cried out—

"'Tow, Tim, do break your neck.'

"'I'll be cussed if I do, Kate,' said I, gathering myself up in the best way I could. 'No, I'll sooner foot the bill.'

"And so, landlord," continued Tim, "here's the cash for you. But, by jingo, this is the last time I'll ever risk five dollars on the command of my wife."

Must Be Used.

Dr. YOUNG'S ELECTRIC BELTS and Suspensory cures Nervous Debility, Loss of Manhood, Youthful Errors, Weakness of Body and Mind. Write for Book of Vigor free. Dr. E. Young, 260 Hudson street, N. Y.

The Language of Jewels.

The Slavonic races of Europe believe that gems have language and poetic significance as much as flowers have, for instance:

Amethys—Sincerity.
Agate—Health and long life.
Bloodstone—Success.
Beryl—Hope and faith.
Black Onyx—Flattery and falsehood.
Black Diamonds—Treachery.
Carnelian—Contentment.
Crysolite—Antidote against madness.
Carbuncle—Honesty.
Diamonds—Selfishness.
Emerald—Success in love.
Garnet—Constancy.
Jasper—Perseverance.
Jacinth—Charity.
Opal—Misfortune.
Pearl—Purity and fidelity.
Rubies—Restlessness.
Sapphire—Wisdom and discretion.
Sardonyx—Cojugal felicity.
Sardius—Laudable effort.
Turquois—Prosperity.
Topaz—Fidelity.
White Onyx—Frankness.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.
One of the Best Tonics.

DR. A. ATKINSON, Prof. Materia and Dermatology, in College of Physicians and Surgeons, Baltimore, Md., says: "It makes a pleasant drink, and is one of our best tonics in the shape of the phosphates in soluble form."

The Universal Language.

A professor of "Volapuk," the newly invented "universal language," has just opened a regular course of lessons in Paris. The novel dialect is the result of 20 years of work by M. Schleyer, of Constance, and is designed merely as a medium of communication for commercial purposes; and its vocabulary is limited to some 13,000 monosyllables adapted from the most common spoken languages of Europe, English contributing the larger proportion of them apparently. "Ston," "smok," and "tim," for instance, are the volapuk equivalents for "stone," "smoke," and "time." "Pain" is "dol," a "river" "ium," and "wisdom" "sap" —all three Latin roots. The bits of volapuk given in the *Figaro* remind one of the specimens of the native dialects quoted in "Gulliver's Travels." "Good day, sir," is "Glidi sol." "How are you" is expressed by "Liko stadols?" "Elemob fladi de vin" is volapuk for "I have bought a bottle of wine." The language is not particularly euphonious but it is said that it can be learned in eight lessons.

—Dr. Morse, physician at Marine Hospital, Baltimore, Md., found Red Star Cough Cure a harmless and most effective remedy in the cure of coughs. He recommends it especially for children, who are irritable and obstinate, as pleasant to take and prompt in its effects. Price, 25 cents.

RAMBLER'S NOTEBOOK.

Belted Will Howard's Home—The Bank Holiday Trip From Gilsland Over to Lanercost Priory and Naworth Castle, the Home of the Howards.

Gilsland, as a health resort, is not a great success, though a great many people visit it during the summer months. The hote lis situated high above the valley, across which is seen a great stretch of heather-covered hill. There are some pretty drives around about, but how any one can manage to remain there more than 24 hours is a mystery I will not try to unravel. An hour was amply sufficient for us. Of course we had to drink the water. It would never do to leave Gilsland Spa, as it is called in the hotel announcement, without having tasted the water. So we went down the narrow path to a very pretty glen, where the spring bubbled forth from the solid rock. We knew when we were within twenty rods of the place that there was a mineral spring or a tan yard in the vicinity. Percy insisted upon Mr. Smith's trying it first, and then if he survived perhaps he would have a go. Mr. Smith declared that he knew the water was excellent and so saying he bravely drank half a goblet of it. I did the same and by a tremendous effort kept my face straight while I told Percy it was delicious. He took one swallow and mildly but firmly declared that he wanted no more. After Mr. Smith had been so enthusiastic in his praises of the water, I must confess I was just a little surprised at his suggesting that we stop at the bar of the hotel for a glass sherry or something. "For we have a long way to go, you know." The sherry did take part of the taste of that infernal water out of one's mouth.

"There is a train on to Naworth, in half an hour. Shall we wait here and take it or—"

"Oh, let's walk it," interrupted Percy.

"Well," said Mr. Smith, looking very hard at me, "its rather a longish walk, but it's such a fine day—still, perhaps we had better wait and take the train."

I am not much of a walker, but I didn't purpose that these gentlemen should think me unable to take as much of a tramp as they could, and I knew that had they been alone, the thought of going by train would never have entered their minds. So I said, as chirpy as might be, that it would be a shame to neglect such an opportunity for so fine a walk. That was what they had been longing for, and off we started, the warm rays of the sun tempered by a delightfully cool breeze. There was a good smooth road, and Percy set the gait at three miles-and-a-half an hour. How I did enjoy the first half hour!

The road was through rather a barren country at first, but soon we struck some

RICH AGRICULTURAL LAND

and passed many a field where men, women, boys and girls were hard at work getting in the hay. Taking a short cut across the country we saved about a mile of hill and dale and found ourselves crossing the site of the old Roman wall, built about the year 121. Near here is an old Roman Station, in an excellent state of preservation. But we were eager to get to Lanercost, and did not stop to examine it. Just beyond this station begins a long hill, the smooth, white road winding slowly up between fields of green on either side, till the end seemed like a mere point. We plodded silently along without a word till we were half way up, and then Percy broke silence with:

"I'm hungry."

Only that and nothing more. But all at once I found that I, too, was hungry. Mr. Smith marched straight ahead, and said never a word. He had the lunch-basket.

Another hour of patient plodding, always up that never-ending hill, and Percy remarked that he could still taste that Gilsland mineral water, and he really believed it had given him an appetite. We had only had a hurried breakfast at half-past 6, and it was now high noon. And still Mr. Smith marched straight on and said never a word.

At last, about one o'clock, we reached the top of that awful hill and there spread out before us was one of the loveliest views imaginable. Far away in the distance the Scottish hills were seen, their tops wreathed with mist; near at hand the Cumberland hills made a background to the miles of harvestfields cut up into great yellow patches by the green foliage of thick groves. It was a glorious sight, well worth the toiling climb up that long dreary hill. We crossed over into a newly cut hay field, threw ourselves on the fragrant hay and enjoyed the beautiful view, while we discussed the lunch that Percy had been so anxious to carry for the past two hours.

A brisk walk down the hill, across an old antiquated stone bridge, and we came in sight of the

RUINS OF LANERCOST ABBEY.

In its day it must have been a beautiful specimen of architecture, for the parts still remaining are of artistic design and finished workmanship. In the old portion there are still parts of arches springing from high columns, the capitals and bases of which are only embellished by plain scrolls. An open gallery or colonade runs around the entire edifice (which is in the form of a cross) at the top of the high painted windows. The gallery is supported by open work pillars, which give a light and graceful appearance. The view from the outer windows of this gallery, and from the tower also, is very extensive and beautiful. The cross aisle measures 32 yards, and the choir 26, so it was an imposing edifice for its times.

According to Nicholson & Burn—1777—Robert de Vallibus, lord of Gilsland, built the monastary in the 16th of Henry II. A. D. 1169. "And this he did, for the soul of King Henry the second, who granted and confirmed the same to his father and him, and for the souls of his father Hubert and his mother Gracia, and of all his ancestors and successors," making no mention of the Gilles Beuth story. The Priory received many large grants of valuable lands and privileges, not only from King Richard I, Henry III and Edward I, but from divers and sundry persons of high and low degree, so that up to the time of the Dissolution, Lanercost Priory was in very comfortable circumstances. When the blow did fall, Henry VIII. gave all the property to Thomas Dacre, and "he heirs made of his body lawfully begotten or to be begotten forever; and to hold of the King *in capite* by the service of the 20th part of one knight's fee; rendering for the same yearly to the King 9 shillings sterling."

After spending some time in a fruitless endeavor to decipher some of the old Howard and Dacre tombstones, which doubtless sang the praises of the various members of those illustrious families over whose dust they stood, we went with a sexton-looking sort of a person to the old dining room of the priory, a long, narrow room, with huge beams supporting the V shaped roof. At one end was an attempt at fresco, but the good monks were very poor artists, judging from these pictures. In the centre of the east wall is a great fireplace, large enough, almost, to roast a whole ox. It required but little stretch of the imagination to picture the vast cavern filled with blazing logs, while round about the jolly monks made the rafters ring with laugh and song as they quaffed their strong home brewed ale, or drank deep of ruby wines from over the sea.

The grounds surrounding the holy building were ornamented with flower plots, and around three sides rows of tall stately trees warned trespassers against intruding upon the privacy of the holy men. The entrance to the grounds was through a massive gate whose enormous stone arch is standing yet.

As we took our way towards Haworth, we met troops of young people who had come down from Carlisle for a day's picnic in the Priory grounds. Only a short distance from the grounds was

A WAYSIDE INN,

and there we stopped for a cracker and a glass of ale. It was a low walled, stone floored little place, as clean as clean could be. A regular old-fashioned country inn, that, unfortunately, railways are making scarcer each year. This being a holiday the house was full. There was song and shout mingled with the click of glasses, but there was no drunkenness and no disorder. ROBINSON LOCKE.

—The value of thought cannot be told. Just so with the best of everything. Take Dr. Bigelow's Positive Cure for all throat and lung troubles, if you appreciate a speedy and thorough cure. Pleasant to take. 50 cents and $1.

But Little Better than Brutes.

The native inhabitants of Central Australia are among the most degraded of the human race. They are very different from the Maoris, and have no religious ideas whatsoever, and seemingly no intellect. The only gift of civilization they take to at all is whisky. Upon arriving at the age of maturity the young men are compelled to remain three days in the "bush," where they are beaten and abused by such of the men as see them, after which they themselves are called men and entitled to hunt the kangaroo. The marriage ceremony consists in the groom knocking his bride down with a club, after which, as a sign of her matronhood, her two front teeth are extracted with the aid of sharp stones.—*Exchange.*

There is only one one *Antidote for Malaria*, Tonics, Bitters, Quinine, etc., braces up the vital powers temporarily, while Shallenbarger's Pills immediately bring health by removing all traces of Malarial poison.

MODERN SHIP MAKING.

Changes in Naval Constructions—Iron Cheaper Than Wood—What a 3,000-Ton Iron Ship Costs—Stagnation in Trade and its Causes.

The growth of the commercial fleets of the world illustrates very clearly the successive changes in the carrying trade of the principal maritime nations with their intermittent periods of rise and depression. In shipbuilding, as in other industries, prices govern; and, as the whole subject is beyond the influence of tariffs the nation which can build the cheapest ships will have the advantage on the ocean.

"Sixty years ago," said Mr. Edward Hincken, a prominent member of the Maritime Exchange, of New York, "we could build ships for less money than they could in England. But for the high price of labor in this country, the difference would have been 50 per cent. in our favor. This state of things developed our ship-building interest to a very high point, until iron displaced wood as the material for the construction of vessels. The iron ships of Great Britain can now be built for from £9 to 10£ 10s. per ton, and the other day I was told by a friend of an offer by an English company to build a 3,000-ton iron steamer with triple engines and all modern improvements ready for sea for £8, or $40 a ton. A first-class oak ship could not now be built in this country for that sum.

THE COST OF A SHIP.

"The cost of a ship has been steadily rising since 1821, when a wooden vessel could be put afloat for from $38 to $44 per ton, the cost in England at the same time ranging from $50 to $60 per ton. In 1825, the maximum American price advanced to $45, the rates in England remaining stationary. In 1826 our price was $40 to $45, and the English $54 to $60. From 1829 to 1831 the cost here was between $42 and $45, and in England between $50 and $60. Our prices ranged between $41 and $47 in 1832; $40 and $45 in 1833; $40 and $47 in 1835, and $45 and $48 in 1838. Meanwhile prices in England advanced to between $55 and $60 in 1830; $55 to $62 in 1831; $55 to $65 in 1835, and $60 and $65 in 1839. In 1845 ships cost us from $40 to $45 a ton, and the English from $60 to $65. In 1850 the cost per ton had risen here to between $45 and $48, and to between $65 and $70 in Great Britain, at which latter figure the English prices remained until 1860. In this country the cost per ton advanced to $45 and $50 in 1855, and to $47 and $50 in 1860.

"Meanwhile iron ships were coming into vogue. The first iron vessel was built in this country in 1825 and the first in England in 1820, but the high price of the metal prevented its use for shipbuilding until 1845, when, the price having declined to $25 per ton for pig iron, several iron ships were constructed. In the above year the cost of an iron ship in England ranged between $80 and $100 per ton, and in 1850 between $75 and $90. Five years later the price fell to between $70 and $80, and in 1860 the price had still further declined to $65 and $75. Meanwhile in the United States the price ranged between $85 and $100 per ton. In 1865 American wooden ships cost from $48 to $55, and British from $70 to $75. American ships from $80 to $100, and British from $65 to $75. In 1875, American wooden vessels cost from $50 to $52; iron, from $75 to $80. British, wood, $70 to $75; iron, $60 to $65. Iarge wooden ships here ranged from $48 to $55; iron from $60 to $70; British wooden vessels, $75 to $85; iron, $46 to $55.

"As long as we had the advantage in point of cheapness over foreign nations, shipbuilding flourished. In 1820 we built ships with an aggregate tonnage of 51,394; in 1830, 58,560; in 1840, 121,204; in 1850, 277,255; in 1855, 583,450; in 1860, 214,798; in 1870, 27,685; in 1880, 157,490.

INTERESTING FIGURES.

"The following statement will show the condition of our shipbuilding interest during the past three years:—in 1883, there were built 721 sailing vessels, 439 steam vessels, 42 canal boats and 66 barges, or 1,268 crafts in all, with a total tonnage of 226,542,990; in 1884, 700 sailing vessels, 410 steam vessels, 33 canal boats and 41 barges, or 1,190 in all, with a total tonnage of 225,314; in 1885, 533 sailing vessels, 338 steam vessels, 21 canal boats, 28 barges, or 920 in all, with a total tonnage of 159,056,190.

"The fact that the plant for the construction of iron ships costs at least $500,000 acts as a bar against most shipbuilders entering into the business. The tonnage of the iron sailing and steam vessels built in the United States in 1879, amounted to 8,281, in 1871 to 15,479; in 1874 to 33,097; in 1877 to 5,277; in 1878 to 26,961; in 1882 to 40,097, and in 1885 to 44,028, the last year showing the largest aggregate. The increase in tonnage is no proof of prosperity in the shipbuilding industry, which in this, as well as other countries, is experiencing a continuous decline from several causes, the most powerful of which is the present stagnation in the freighting markets of the world, brought on mainly by the over production of tonnage in the shipyards of Great Britain. The decline must continue until there is business to be done by the ships which it is possible to build."

FITS!—All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Fiction of Post Bellum Days.

At present we hear of how such and such generals led their men to desperate charges. These heroes are pictured to the youth of our land as going into action on horseback, waving sword in hand and far in advance of their charging line. The gallant officer is popularly supposed to have impregnated the air, his brigade or division or corps breathed with his dauntless courage, and the inspired privates eagerly followed him to victory or death. I saw many charges delivered by both union and confederate troops. I have seen our men, with blanched faces and set jaws, and their eyes blazing with battle light, stream past the guns I served on, and run full speed at earthworks, behind which Lee's veteran infantry lurked, and almost always got whipped. Then I have seen the lines in grand charges on earthworks or battle lines, and I have seen them melt away before the heat of our fire; but I never saw the recklessly brave general officers we hear so much about at present, lead any of the troops into action. I have seen them closely followed by their brigade officers, but I never saw them lead. In truth, what business would an officer have in front of his men when they were in action? He would be in the line of their fire, and would surely be killed. The youth of America should understand that, no matter how far into an action an officer thrust himself, by mistake or intention, the number of privates where, of necessity, fighting far in advance of him. It matters not how courageous the officer was, every full regiment of American volunteers contained hundreds of men equally brave, and who always fought in front of him.

The Beginnings of Sickness.

Never trifle with what are called small ailments. A disorder easy of control at first, if neglected for a few weeks may become a mortal disease. Be especially careful not to let debility gain upon you, for it is the door through which all maladies enter the system. If you feel languid, inert, and to use a common expression, "as if there was no life left in you," resort at once to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. That great vegetable tonic will supply the vitality you so urgently need. It is nerve food. By its tonic action the stomach is so invigorated that digestion becomes readily perfect, while its mild, cathartic properties relieve the bowels from obstructions, and its alterative operation beneficially affects all the secretive organs. For the miseries of dyspepsia, and every imlade almost every unpleasant feeling that belongs to physical disease and mental wretchedness, this potent tonic is a certain and speedy balm.

Simply an Old Bachelor.

Teacher—Mary, give me an example of an object of the masculine gender.

Mary—Mr. Jones, the grocer.

Teacher—Now, give me an object of the feminine gender?

Mary—You, Miss Smith.

Teacher—And now of the neuter gender?

Mary—Mr. Robinson.

Teacher—Mr. Robinson?

Mary—Yes; he is neither man nor woman, and an old bachelor.

—Beware of worthless imitations of Dr. Jones' Red Clover Tonic. The genuine cures headache, piles, dyspepsia, ague, malaria, and is a perfect tonic and blood purifier. Price 50 cents.

At Least One Good Chicago Girl.

Mr. Coldcash—Well, little Essie, aren't you going to kiss your uncle?

Essie (aged seven)—No indeed, I'm not.

Mr. Coldcash—And why not, little darling?

Essie—Because there's your wife looking on, and I don't want to make trouble in the family.

* * * * Secret, involuntary drains upon the system promptly cured. Large book giving particulars, 10 cents in stamps. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Camp Fire.

Old Comrades Smoke and Chat.

J. A. Wallace, 83d Illinois, now commander of Clear Lake Post, Department of Dakota, would like to hear from comrades, now scattered all over the country.

C. E. S., Metamora, O., says Congress should give tariff topics a rest. He thinks a great many men, physically unable to go into the army, but who gave their time and money in caring for soldiers' families, should be remembered in their old age, if they are poverty-stricken. He favors equal pensions for privates and officers.

A. G., formerly of Co. A, 2d Mass., now of Chicago, takes exception to a comrade's assertion that pensions are gifts. He says they are debts, and should be paid without so much grumbling and quibbling.

J. A., formerly of Co. I, 178th Ohio, now of Ada, Minn., wonders if the boys have forgotten how they were compelled to live on a pint of corn meal a day, at Stone River, fighting every day for three weeks. He thinks there should be a radical change in the pension laws, so that privates could receive their dues without being compelled to furnish so much unnecessary testimony.

Correspondents should remember that the space allotted to the CAMP FIRE is limited. Some letters reach the camp which, if published entire, would leave no room for any one else. Please condense your letters, so all can have

Question Bureau.

The Cherokees.

P. H., Red Lake Falls, Minn.:

1. Please give us full an account as possible of the Cherokee Nation. 2. What does (or i stanzas' "Butterick Pub. Co. (limited)' mean?

1. When first known by the whites, and down to 1830 the Cherokees occupied the upp valley of the Tennessee river, the mountain and valleys of the Alleghany range, and t head waters of the Savannah and Flint. Th called themselves Ani-Yunwiyas, signifying "Principal People." According to their own traditions, they came from the We earlier than the Muskogees, and dispossessed moon-eyed people unable to see by day. The formally submitted to the English King 1730. A few years after a French agent and them endeavored to win them to France; but t was seized and carried to Georgia. Two yea later they lost nearly half their population smallpox. This and wars so diminished th numbers that many of their 64 towns w abandoned. The war of 1761 left them wi out cattle, horses, or implements. At the co mmencement of the revolution, they joined t Cherokees, and with the Tories ravaged the fr tiers, till their country was invaded and l waste by Williamson and Rutherford, wh they made peace, surrendering a large tract land. In 1780 they were again attacked, and were reduced by Gen. Pickens, when Geo forced them to give up the lands south the Savannah and east of the Chattahoochee. By the treaty of 1785 they acknowledged the sovereignty of the Uni States, and were solemnly confirmed in t possession of their hunting grounds, embra ing much of the present limits of Georgia, portions of North Carolina, Georgia, Alaba and Mississippi. They continued to give portions of their territory, some emigrated, a those remaining hunted less and less, and attention to agriculture. Georgia finally demanded their removal, and by an arrangem completed in 1818 about 3,000 emigra Georgia was implacable, and demanded t whole. But one stroke is left to the Cherokees. The supreme court of the United States decided they could not maintain an action in t United States courts, and thus the general g vernment was unable to carry out treaty st Infamous. Two parties now existed in the Ch okee nation—one led by John Ross, opposed removal, and the other under Ridges and Bo dinot, in favor of it. In 1835 a treaty for removal of the whole was made with a small fr tion of the nation, and in 1838 Gen. Sc marched into their country with 2,000 men enforce it. Their numbers were estimated at 21,000 of all these at 17,000 are remaining in the Indian territory comprised 9,776,000 acres. Here all their educational and missionary work were restored, and the Cherokees yield for one year. Feuds between t parties continued, however, widely of resi- 1839. Maj. Ridge, his son John and Eli Boudinot were assassinated by the party of the city. Boudinot were assassinated by the party of the city. There are being There were in a high degree of prosperity at the breaking out of the civil w region will in 1861. The Indian agents being all Southe destroyed. the Commissioner of all factions at first joined t visitor the Confederacy, sending 9,000 men, heeps of under Col. Downing, the second chief, withdrawing foun- majority of the nation, abandoned the Southern houses and came within the Union lines. But Pleasonton, the Creek agent, who had formerly been a boy- the Southern sympathizer, and a brother of Elias Boudinot, the rail- Sabinses. After reigning 37 years, he was at city to the length taken away from the world by his father, steam- Mars, who carried him up to heaven in a fiery removed. chariot. According to the Cherokee tradition, and, Romulus, murdered him, cut up his body, and indertook carried home the mangled pieces under their ctions on robes. tem, with a daily re- in Texas, ffie road from all sions can trade suf- ballon in the Hospital of the Invalids.

Glass.

L. E. D., Ferribault, Minn.:

Please give some particulars of glass manufacture.

Following is about the composition of th chief kinds of glass in use: Flint glass—pu white sand, 52 parts; potash, 14; oxide o lead, 34. Crown glass—white sand, 72 parts; potash, soda, 35; nitre, 8; lime, 2. Crown glass —fine white sand, 63 parts; chalk, 7; soda, Green bottle glass—sea sand, 80 parts; salt, lime, 15. The ingredients to be made sorted on trestles of whatever kind it may be, are thoroughly mixed together, and thrown, a little houses are at time, into large crucibles or melting pots, placed in a circle, in a furnace resting on bulwes, and all that can withstand a white heat, in the centre, blown by a blowing machine. The ingredients melt and sink down into a clear fluid, throwing up a scum, which is removed by workmen, by means of iron ladles, the scum being first raised state, is now kept at a white heat till air-bubbles have disappeared; the heat is then lowered to a bright redness, when the glass is ready for working. A workman, called a gatherer, dips the end of a blowing-tube into the fluid glass, which adheres to it in a mass, and carries it to the workman over the mouth of the pot, who blows into the tube, and by rolling it on a smooth iron table with a ridge all round it, on which it rests, and by means of a pair of compasses, and a pair of iron rollers, he shapes the mass into a hollow cylinder, which he opens at one end by cutting off the ends. He then reheats it and by blowing and rolling it on the table, he makes it of the required thickness, which is regulated by elevating or depressing the ridge at the sides of the table, made movable. When cold, the surface of the plate is ground perfectly flat, first by means of emery powder, then by fine sand, and finally it is polished with a cloth rubber charged with a fine red oxide of iron called "rouge." The grinding and polishing are both performed by steam power machinery. Bottles and such like articles are either simply blown into the form required and then annealed, or they are blown into moulds made to close upon the ball of soft glass, and again open when the required form is attained. In the latter case the neck of the bottle or other article is finished off by means of a pair of hot shears, and the article is then annealed, a process which consists in placing it in a heated oven, which is allowed to cool very gradually.

Romulus and Remus.

D. S. C., Oak Vale, Miss.:

Please publish the legend of Romulus, the founder of the city of Rome.

The following is the most mythical. According to the common legend Romulus and Remus were the twin sons of Mars and Rhea Silvia, were condemned to be drowned in the Tiber. The cradle in which they were suckled by a she-wolf, which carried them to her den, where they were discovered by Faustulus, the king's shepherd, who took the children home to his wife Acca Larentia, and reared them as his own. When they were grown up, they left Alba to found a city on the banks of the Tiber. A strife arose between the brothers as to where the city should be built, and which of them should be called its king. In the end Remus was slain by his brother. As soon as the city was built, Romulus found his people too few in numbers. He therefore set apart, on the Capitoline hill, a sanctuary, to which fugitives from which homesides and runaway slaves might flock to take refuge. The city thus became filled with men, but they wanted women. Romulus therefore invited the neighboring tribes to a festival, and during which the Roman youths rushed upon their guests, and carried off the virgins. This produced a war between the two nations, but finally a peace was concluded. 2. It seems that the members of the firm are limited as to responsibility for the debts of the company to the amount invested.

Pythagoras—Socrates—New Zealand.

L. M. C., Antrim, O.:

1. Please give a brief short biography of Pythagoras. 2. In what age of the world did Socrates live, and for what was he put to death? 3. Please give a short sketch of New Zealand.

1. He was a Greek philosopher and mathematician who flourished about 510 B. C. He believed in the transmigration of souls, and pretended to divination and prophecy. Having settled at Crotona, in Italy, he formed a sacred select brotherhood or club of 300, bound by a sort of vow to Pythagoras and each other. Finally the populace rose against them, their hall was set on fire, and only the younger and more active members escaped. Similar commotions ensued in other cities where Pythagorean clubs had been formed. Respecting the fate of Pythagoras himself, accounts vary. Some say that he

ON.
-Its Beauti-
-A Weather
Strike—The

(Staff Cor- ough Texas owns along Galveston is it is as dis- inland as it 300 miles length of the trains cross, with the bay from the cation as is as and yes- no mule long-horned are ever why it there wagon crossing the fence in this not appear to formation and will probably ger time. Gal- know of in environs. The itself, bearing mediate sur- ers, it has no terri- and other only a whole- his population of whom the whole trade al- entry and an good harbor, ense amount ward. Thus Indians. Two parties now existed in the Cherokee nation—one led by John Ross, opposed to removal, and the other under Ridges and Boudinot, in favor of it. In 1835 a treaty for the removal of the whole was made with a small fraction of the nation, and in 1838 Gen. Scott marched into their country with 2,000 men to enforce it. Their numbers were estimated at 21,000 of all these at 17,000 are remaining in the Indian territory comprised 9,776,000 acres. Here all their educational and missionary work were restored, and the Cherokees yield for one year. Feuds between t parties continued, however, widely of resi- 1839. Maj. Ridge, his son John and Eli Boudinot were assassinated by the party of the city. There are being There were in a high degree of prosperity at the breaking out of the civil w region will in 1861. The Indian agents being all Southe destroyed. the Commissioner of all factions at first joined t visitor the Confederacy, sending 9,000 men, heeps of under Col. Downing, the second chief, withdrawing foun- majority of the nation, abandoned the Southern houses and came within the Union lines. But Pleasonton, the Creek agent, who had formerly been a boy- the Southern sympathizer, and a brother of Elias Boudinot, the rail- Sabinses. After reigning 37 years, he was at city to the length taken away from the world by his father, steam- Mars, who carried him up to heaven in a fiery removed. chariot. According to the Cherokee tradition, and, Romulus, murdered him, cut up his body, and indertook carried home the mangled pieces under their ctions on robes. tem, with a daily re- in Texas, ffie road from all sions can trade suf- ballon in the Hospital of the Invalids.

Glue—Mucilage—India Rubber.

C. E. D., Aurora, Neb.:

1. Please give directions to make glue for patching leather goods. 2. Also for making a good mucilage. 3. What is unvulcanized rubber?

1. Dissolve a quantity of gutta percha in chloroform in quantity to make a fluid of honey-like consistence. Clean the spread surface with benzine. Heat the surface at a fire or gas flame until softened, and apply them together. It is waterproof, and will answer almost anywhere unless exposed to heat, which softens it. 2. Steep one drachm powdered gum tragacanth in a mortar with six drachms glycerine; add by degrees, with constant trituration, ten fluid ounces water. 3. Caoutchouc, or India rubber in its native state. Vulcanization consists in imparting new properties by causing it to combine with sulphur through the agency of a high temperature, a method discovered by Charles Goodyear. This may be done so as to leave it soft and elastic, or to harden it into a substance like a horn.

Joseph Smith.

S. W., St. Peter, Minn., says the Bureau was in error in regard to the life of Joseph Smith, and replies:

The family was very poor but respected. Sidney Rigdon did not help him with the plates, but David Whitmer, Oliver Cowdery and Martin Harris helped him to get the book of Mormon. The temple at Kirtland was not costly. The Smith's were never in a bank, as I ever learned, nor were they ever tarred and feathered. Neither did Joseph Smith ever use upon himself any office, nor did he ever teach, much less practice polygamy. It was not taught until Brigham Young led the people astray. The Smith's did not organize a mob, nor helped mob any person. They never refused to obey the laws of the land. They were imprisoned, but gave themselves up to the authorities. Smith did not have a revelry nor shoot guns. I was a child at this for it certainly is correct. I have known personally part and can prove the rest."

Sub. Windsor, Ill.:

1. What was the origin of the two leading political parties of this country? 2. What was the history of State formerly called?

1. During the Ninth Congress, which assembled in December, 1805, the Republicans dropped their name and adopted that of Democrats. The word Republican dropped into disuse until later on the slavery agitation brought together all opponents of Democracy under the Republican banner. 2. The department of state was created by the act of September 15, 1789, previous to which it was denominated the department of foreign affairs.

The House of Lords.

G. U. S., Booth, Dak.:

Explain how the English House of Lords is made up?

The English House of Lords is made up from several sources. All titles and honors proceed in theory from the crown; but the sovereign rarely acts except by the advice and consent of the cabinet which is always under the control of parliament. All Lords, so called, do not sit in the House of Lords. That body is made up of: 1. The lords spiritual: two archbishops—Canterbury and York—and 24 English bishops. These of course are not hereditary. 2. Twenty-eight Irish, and 16 Scotch, representative peers. The former are elected for life by the whole body of Irish peers, the latter for one session of parliament by the whole body of Scotch peers. 3. The English hereditary peers, who with the Irish and Scotch representative peers, are called lords imperial. These hold various titles. There are five peers of the blood royal, 21 dukes, 18 marquises, 111 earls, 21 viscounts, 242 barons. Although these all originally derive their titles from the crown, the title and right once given remain in the family as long as there is a son, a brother or a nephew to inherit. But there do not stand as an insuperable barrier to legislation, as the ministers can at any time constrain the crown to appoint enough new peers of the right complexion to overcome any opposition. The threat to do this has generally been sufficient to force the lords to yield.

Miscellaneous.

There are several inquiries for descriptive lists of Tecumseh Notes.

Reader, Indian Springs, Mo.:

In what year was Stephen A. Douglas elected to the Senate of the United States?

In 1847.

T. M. S., Duffield, W. Va.: Wade Hampton was born at Columbia, S. C., March 18, 1818. He was a member of the state senate when South Carolina seceded.

J. A., Peru, Ind.:

Try Brown, Eager & Hull, Toledo, O. The same answer to a number of other inquiries about banks, engravings, etc.

J. W., Benton, Mo.: See advertisement in the BLADE of Old Dr. Carlin's Receipt Book. Charles S. Voorhees is the delegate in Congress from Washington territory.

G. B., Adairsville, Ga.: Certainly. Indeed faithful mothers will make unfaithful children. You can, by your actions and order in any household, daughters see nothing but slattern-up-side-down-ativeness in the house. Let Hannah be idle and mope, and Samuel will grow up idle.

Who are the industrious meg occupations and professions they pursue? Who are managing the world, building the walls, tinning, weaving the carpets, making, governing the nations, making quake, and heave, and roar with the tread of gigantic power? Who are they? For the most part descended from industrious mothers, the old homestead used to spin yarn, and weave their own cloth, plait their own doormats, and their own chairs, and do their own stalwart men and the influent this day, ninety-nine out of a them, came from such an ill- estry of hard knuckles and h

And who are these people in as froth, blown every whithe tion and fashion—the peddl stories, the dancing-jacks of p ties, the scum of society, the t ing, the store-infesting, the wink and filthy chuckle, and pins, and rotten associations? part, they came from mothers gusting—the scandal-mongers going from house to house, everybody's business but their ing in witches and ghosts, and to keep the devil out of the ch a godless life setting their chil very verge of hell. The mother el Johnson, and of Alfred th of Isaac Newton, and of Wash of Richard Cecil, and of Preside for the most part, were indus working mothers.

Now, while I congratulate a mothers upon the wealth and science which may afford them conventional rules and think that if we make a discovery that is of benefit to our fellows, we ought to spread the fact to the whole land. Therefore we cause to be published throughout the land the fact that Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is the best known remedy for consumption (scrofula of the lungs) and kindred diseases. Send 10 cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's complete treatise on consumption, with unsurpassed means of self-treatment. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Gifted Girl of Grantsville.

A young lady in Grantsville, Nev., is a curiosity and amusingly gifted. Her toes are so supple that she can snap the great and third joints of either foot with as sharp and clear a report as the average man makes when he snaps his thumb and finger. She is diffident about exhibiting her peculiar accomplishment, but her intimate friends assert that she is quite an adept, and can keep good time to a lively jig.

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PIMPLES TO SCROFULA.

ECZEMA, or Salt Rheum, with its agonizing, itching and burning, instantly relieved by a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP and a single application of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure. This is rapidly followed daily, with two or three doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, to keep the blood cool, the perspiration pure and unirritating, the bowels open, the liver and kidneys active, still speedily cure, as in

Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Lichen, Pruritus, Scall Head, Dandruff, and every species of Itching, Scaly and Pimply Humors of the Skin and Scalp, with Loss of Hair, when the best physicians and all known remedies fail.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

KIDNEY PAINS, Strains and Weakness instantly relieved by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. New, elegant, infallible.

FACTS ABOUT PLANETS.

Venus, Mars, Mercury, Jupiter, Saturn, and the Rest.

Venus, so well known to us all as the loveliest object in the heavens, the evening and the morning star, resembles closely our own earth. Its size is about the same, its diameter being 7,660 miles; its day is almost the same length, and its density is rather less than five times that of water. It revolves round the sun at a distance of 60,000,000 miles in the space of 224 days. Like Mercury, however, Venus is moonless. Passing the earth in the meantime, we came to the well-known red planet, Mars. This planet is particularly interesting in many points of view. Next to Mercury, it is the smallest of the four interior planets, its diameter being only 4,200 miles, or little more than half that of the earth or Venus. Its distance from the sun is 141,000,000 miles, and it completes its circuit in 687 days. The length of its days does not differ materially from that of our own. Mars has two moons, and one of them presents a phenomenon unique in the system. No other moon behaves like this one, for it goes round Mars about three times every day, that is to say, it goes faster round Mars than Mars does on its own axis. It rises in the west, sets in the east, and comes three times every 24 hours. Another interesting feature in Mars is this: We can see through our telescopes what seems to be the configuration of its continents and oceans, and also accumulations of snow at its poles.

We next turn our attention to the other group of planets—Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune. These are distinguished by their enormous size, immense distance from the sun, rapid revolution on their own axis, and very small density. The change from Mars to Jupiter is indeed remarkable. The latter planet, familiar to every observer of the heavens, is indeed a giant among giants. In mass it is equal to all the other planets put together, its diameter being no less than 85,000 miles, and its distance from the sun 482,000,000 miles. It takes 4,332 days to complete its yearly revolution. Although of such enormous dimensions, it turns on its own axis in less than ten hours. From the small density—1.38—of Jupiter we should imagine it to be composed, in great part, at least, of fluid or gaseous matter not yet cooled sufficiently to form solid land. From certain phenomena on its surface it is evident it is almost completely envelped in clouds, and it is doubtful if we have actually seen the real solid nucleus of this planet. Jupiter is attended by four moons, which revolve around him at various distances. The study of these bodies is of great interest; from watching their movements we got the first hint of velocity of light. Next in order in our outward journey comes Saturn, at the distance of 884,000,000 miles from the sun, and taking no less than 10,759 days to complete its revolution round that luminary. This planet, though less than Jupiter, is still of gigantic dimensions, its diameter being 71,000 miles. Saturn is the lightest of all the planets, its density being only 0.75, so that if placed in a huge ocean it would float with a fourth of its bulk above the level of the water. The most remarkable thing, however, about this planet is the system of the rings by which it is surrounded. What these rings are has long been a puzzle to astronomers, but the most plausible explanation seems to be that they are composed of myriad hosts of small meteoric bodies circulating at some distance from the surface of the planet. Saturn has no less than eight moons under its control, and if it has any inhabitants like ourselves—which is not likely, however—the heavens must be a strange sight to them, with these eight moons and meteoric swarms.

The Root of the Evil.

To thoroughly cure scrofula it is necessary to strike directly at the root of the evil. This is exactly what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, purifying the blood, thoroughly cleansing it of all impurities, and leaving not even a taint of scrofula in the vital fluid. Thousands who have been cured of scrofula by Hood's Sarsaparilla, testify to its wonderful blood-purifying qualities. Sold by all druggists.

A Boy Growing Bald With Caresses.

There is a sunny-haired little boy in the House of Representatives who has become quite a pet among the members. He is a little tot of a fellow, with bright, open face, large blue eyes, and sunny blonde head of hair. He wears little knee-breeches and is rarely ever seen without a jacket. When the members want an errand done fast and well they always try to get this little fellow to do it. His very politeness and good manners have brought many little tramps to his feet, because the members love to want him. But he does not mind an extra run, and goes as chirpy and as happily on a new errand as possible. He never seems to grow weary, and always is polite. But this is not the worst part of his troubles. His very appearance is pleasing, and every time any one caresses him they tap him on the head or run their hand over his hair. Now, for three or four people to do this would not amount to much, but to have 325 members and as many more strangers rub his head only once a day, is not only tiresome, but is having a serious effect. When little boy enters here his hair was long and thick, but this continual patting is wearing his hair off. He begins to fear that before the session ends, if this thing keeps up, he will be bald.

Gen. John A. Logan.

U. S. senator from Illinois, writes: "Some years ago I was troubled more or less with rheumatism, and have within the last year or so, suffered intensely with same disease. I began to take 'Durang's Rheumatic Remedy,' and am entirely satisfied that I have been cured by its use. I do not hesitate to recommend it." It is taken internally, and never fails to cure the worst case. Sold by all druggists. Write for free 40 page pamphlet to R. K. Helphenstine, Washington, D. C.

No Place is Sacred or Safe.

Burdette: "That's a nice looking horse to bring around for a gentleman to drive," roared Old Hyson. "Take him back; I'll ride down in the cars. He hasn't been groomed for a week! What are you doing with him? Letting him run in the corn-field?" "Well, Mistah Hyson," said the man, "he ain't lookin' fust rate, for a fac'; but, 'deed, I can't help it nohow. I done the best I kin wid nothin' to do anythin' wid. Miss Hyson she done come to the barn and tuk away de curry comb, sweat scraper, mane brush, quarter boots, clippers, safety bit and collar pad, 'cause she gwine to decorate 'em for de church fair, she say."

To Weak Men

Suffering from Nervous Debility, Early Decay, Loss of Vitality, Weakness of Body and Mind, etc., I will send you a valuable treatise containing full particulars for certain restoration to health and manhood free of charge. A reliable remedy. Address Prof. F. C. Fowler, Moodus, Conn.

Dakota Farmers in Hard Luck.

SIOUX FALLS, Dak., March 27.—A heavy snow storm set in last night. About four inches have fallen. It is particularly regretted, as farmers had already commenced their spring seeding, and the ground was in good condition.

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED.
DR. WM. HALL'S
BALSAM For the LUNGS.
Cures Consumption, Colds, Pneumonia, Influenza, Bronchial Difficulties, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough and all Diseases of the Breathing Organs. It soothes and heals the Membrane of the Lungs, Inflamed and poisoned by the disease, and prevents the night sweats and the tightness across the chest which accompanies it. CONSUMPTION IS NOT AN INCURABLE MALADY. HALL'S BALSAM will cure you, even though professional aid has failed.
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A peerless remedy for Scrofula, White Swellings, Cancer, Erysipelas, Gout, Chronic Sores, Syphilis, Tumors, Carbuncles, Salt Rheum, Malaria, Bilious Complaints, and all diseases indicating an impure condition of the Blood, Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, Bowels, Skin, etc. This Grand Remedy is a Compound of vegetable extracts, the chief of which are Sarsaparilla and Stillingia. The combined virtues of Scovill's Blood and Liver Syrup are absolute, and their report is undisputed by failure. For sale by all druggists.
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Address the Peabody Medical Institute, or Dr. W. H. Parker, No. 4 Bulfinch street, Boston, Mass. who may be consulted on all diseases requiring skill and experience. Chronic and obstinate diseases that have baffled the skill of all other physicians, specialties treated successfully without an instance of failure. Mention Toledo Blade.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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120 New Scrap Pictures and 48 New Chromo and Gold Scrap Cards sent Postpaid for 10 cts. CENTERBROOK CARD CO., Centerbrook, Conn.

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70 Hidden Name, &c. Cards and Scrap Pictures, 18 Parlor Games, Star Puzzle, Prize Enigma, Game of Authors, Game of Fortune, 25 Embroidery Patterns, one Sampler, and Agent's Outfit 10c. TUTTLE BROS., North Haven, Conn.

NOW is the time to secure an elegant Hunting Case Watch absolutely Free. Equal to any $25 watch on the market. Send for illustrated circular and price list. Royal Card Co., Northford, Conn.

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18K 50 Hidden Name and Satin Finished Cards, with name, 10c. and this 18K Gold Rolled Gold Ring and Agent's Sample Book for 1886, for 11 2c. stamps. Plus 4 cts. for postage. Satisfaction guaranteed. Cut this out and send to M. FOOTE & CO., Northford, Ct.

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Perfumed Pockets.

One of the new fashions is a "perfumed pocket." These are made of quilted satin, with some perfume dust quilted in; of course the oriental orris root is the favorite, for that smells of violets and offends nobody. It is also good as a disinfectant. The pocket is either put in at a side seam of the dress, or it is mounted with silver clasp and worn outside the dress. There is no greater wrong to the general public, however, than for a woman to have a strong perfume about her. She may have a gentle heliotrope, perfume of luxury; a gentle violet odor, perfume of cleanliness; the faintest suspicion of white rose is not bad, but patchouli, faugh! and jasmine, too heavy. Ottar of roses is very sickening, and nothing in the rose line is good but the fresh breath of a fresh Jacqueminot.

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A VERY LIBERAL OFFER.

How to Get a Good Watch for Nothing.

The lowest and only price for the WEEKLY BLADE is $1 a year. We offer to any one who will raise a club of Ten subscribers to the Weekly, at $1 a year each, a warranted Waterbury watch.

We made this offer last fall, and over One Thousand of our subscribers availed themselves of it and received the watch.

There is time yet, before the subscription season closes, for One Thousand more to do the same thing.

Therefore, if you want a watch for an hour's work, now is the time to get it.

A Waterbury Watch for Ten subscribers, the order to be accompanied with the money.

We would say in this connection that the Waterbury Watch is as good a time piece as is made, no matter what the price. We have sent out over 20,000 of them, and of that great number not more than 200 have been returned to us, and a full half of those were injured in transit. We warrant them, and if one is faulty we have it returned to us and send another in its place at once.

Raise a club for the BLADE and get this splendid premium:

For Ten subscribers to the WEEKLY BLADE, with $10, we send the raiser of the Club a warranted Waterbury Watch. Go to work at once.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THE total movement of merchandise the past week showed a considerable falling off, largely due to the continuation of the strike on the Southwestern railways and the unsettling of confidence generally in industrial and transportation lines. Reports on the number of striking operatives in the country show a total of 52,500 against, 52,200 on March 13. The Gould road striking employes do not exceed 5,000, with 4,500 others thrown out of work. The spring trade is only moderately active, and will not pick up until the labor troubles are settled.

LAST week's New York bank exhibit shows that the reserve resources lost during the week $7,432,800, and the position is weaker than it has been since the summer of 1884, though the loss of the plethora of money held in the last fifteen months is no indication of real weakness, and the banks still hold a surplus of nearly $14,000,000 above the lawful standard. The loan market continues easy, but it is obvious that there is left no margin for expansion in loans.

THE House Commerce committee has acted favorably upon the "free shipping" bill, which provides for the admission duty free to American registry of foreign-built ships, and for the further free admission of all kinds of material for the construction of vessels for the foreign trade. A determined effort will be made by the free traders to carry the bill through the House, but there is little or no prospect that it will pass the Senate.

THERE is a bill pending in Congress to abolish the national board of health on the ground that the existing board has not the confidence of Congress or the country. The bill provides for placing the requisite service in the hands of a commission, which will be connected with the department of the Interior.

THE advocates of a bankruptcy bill in Congress are making a canvass of the members as to their views on this question. There seems to be a wide diversity of opinion as to the wisdom of enacting such a law at present.

THE last call of $10,000,000 3 per cent. government bonds reduces the amount of that issue still uncalled to $154,190,500.

IT is intimated that Pres. CLEVELAND holds the Blair educational bill to be unconstitutional.

SEC. LAMAR, of the Interior department, rules that the same man may avail himself of the pre-emption and the homestead act. In other words, a settler who has taken 160 acres under the pre-emption act cannot be prevented from securing 160 more under the homestead laws.

ON Monday evening it was announced that Sec. LAMAR was also ill. With MANNING and GARLAND, this makes three cabinet officers on the sick list. Sec. LAMAR, it is well known, is in very frail health, being almost worn out, and his death, as also that of Sec. MANNING, would create no surprise here at any time. The illness of Attorney General GARLAND is stated to be of a nervous character, and to be due to Pan-Electric telephone agitations. There is a growing feeling that the cabinet will soon be partially dissolved, and CLEVELAND is reported not a little worried over the outlook.

THE bill suggested by the great railway strike, and introduced in the House of Representatives by Mr. O'NEILL, on Monday, is entitled, "A bill creating boards of arbitration for the speedy settlement of controversy and differences between common carriers engaged in inter-state and territorial commerce or business and employes."

THE half-holiday movement in New York has the support of the leaders in the churches and in society. Thousands of ladies have pledged themselves to do no shopping on Saturday afternoon, and the suggestion has been made that they should not at all at those stores which stand out against the movement. A great meeting in the interest of the movement, presided over by Mayor GRACE, was held a few evenings ago, and many of the prominent business men have promised their influence in its favor.

NEW YORK has taken a long step in advance in the matter of franchises for street railways and similar privileges. The legislature has just passed what is known as the "Cantor bill," which makes it compulsory in that state for the franchise of horse railway companies to be sold at public auction to the highest responsible bidder. The bill applies to all future roads and to all roads whose entire preliminaries of organization are not complete. Thus it knocks out several New York City projects already well along toward fulfilment. The principle of the bill is excellent, and we suggest that the Ohio General Assembly might with propriety consider a similar measure. It would be as great a step in advance as was the Ohio general law for the incorporation of stock companies.

THERE is said to be a very large emigration from some of the Eastern cities to the West. This is a sign that people are leaving the overcrowded ranks of the workers in cities and going back to the country, to join the ranks of the producers. A great exodus of the surplus city population all over the land to the unoccupied lands still remaining in this country would be a most excellent thing for the overstocked labor market. The tilling of the soil is the surest of human occupations: for a man can, unless in very exceptional circumstances, earn a living from the earth—and how to get an honest living is an unsolved problem with thousands of people in our cities.

PEOPLE complain that Congress proceeds so slowly with legislation, but overlook the fact that there so many private bills and claims presented for action that the greater portion of its working time is really consumed in their consideration. For instance, on the first day of March, under the call of the states, 492 bills were introduced in the House of Representatives, of which 370—one more than three-fourths of the entire number—were either for the relief of claimants or for the granting of increased pensions; while of the remaining 122 only 59 were of a strictly public nature. It seems that a great many of these claims could be acted upon, were they found worthy, by a court of claims established for that purpose; and it would seem that legislation looking to the creation of a special tribunal and the enactment of a general law designating the classes of claims which should come before it as a court of final resort, should occupy the attention of Congress. No just claim against the nation should be allowed to go unsatisfied; but Congress should devote its time to matters which virtually interest the whole people, instead of frittering it away upon legislation for single persons.

THE National board of Health declares that there is great danger of cholera being brought to this country from infected ports the coming summer, and protests against the efforts of the rag importers to have the regulations for the disinfection of these imports rescinded.

THE local option law just passed by the Mississippi legislature allows a town or district to vote to prohibit the sale of intoxicants after the county in which it is situated has refused to prohibit it.

THE Supreme court of Indiana has again affirmed its decision that the legislature can fix the rental of telephones, and also that the telephone companies being common carriers "can not refuse service to any person who demands it and fulfills the legal requirements."

AT the Rhode Island state election, which occurs April 7, the people will be asked to vote on two amendments, one to allow soldiers and sailors of foreign birth who served in the late war to vote without property qualification, and the other prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors in the state.

MR. CLEVELAND has gained forty-two pounds since the entered the White House. His rapid increase in weight, considering his already great physical proportions when he became President has led to the remark frequently of late that he was peculiarly a subject of an apoplectic attack. The recent prostration of Sec. MANNING has therefore given much uneasiness to the President's friends.

MURRAYSVILLE, Pa., which had such a tremendous natural gas fire a few days ago, was struck by a severe storm on the second day of the conflagration, which destroyed considerable property. This has been a subject of investigation by a number of scientific men, who agree that it owed its origin entirely to the fire itself. The storm was caused by the huge upward current of hot air, the result of the conflagration. The heat was so great that the upward current of air virtually sucked the outward atmosphere to the scene.

THE Dominion Parliament took a test vote on Wednesday night on the question of indorsing the government's action in the case of the executed rebel, RIEL, and the government was sustained by a vote of 125 to 72.

THE agricultural statistics of Great Britain for 1885, which have recently been issued, show a very serious decrease from the yield of 1884 in some of the most important food products. The decrease in wheat is estimated at 2,610,783 bushels, and in potatoes 544,699 tons, in England. In Ireland, on the other hand, there has been an increase over 1884 amounting to 197,916 bushels of wheat, and 135,386 tons of potatoes. Both England and Ireland have shown an increase in the production of barley, amounting to 5,338,519 bushels in the former country and 463,998 in the latter. From barley is made malt and from malt, ale, so that, though food may be somewhat scarcer and consequently dearer, there need be no dread of a lack of drink.

THE reported proposition of Mr. GLADSTONE'S demanding Home Rule and $150,000,000 to insure its success by paying the landlords for their land, brought out a howl of opposition from the whole country. That it should do so is not strange, since, at the present time, England is in a decidedly crippled financial condition, and the addition of so large a sum to the public debt is appalling. Meanwhile, exactly what Mr. GLADSTONE intends to do is hard to tell. It is possible that he will try to force Home Rule through without the land purchase part of the scheme, and yet that hardly seems probable. It appears now as if the former will, in any case, take the precedence, and the latter may be temporarily postponed.

THAT a political crisis is approaching in England, more serious than any which has come before for a long period, is certain. The whole people are in a fever heat of excitement, and this is true, not only of the English but of the Irish. The fate of the Liberal party and of Ireland as a nation is trembling in the balance. Mr. GLADSTONE is said to be in a highly nervous state, and the other ministers gloomy and anxious, all evidently feeling the strain under which they are laboring. Mr. PARNELL remains impenetrably silent, awaiting the coming event. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is working with might and main to build up a strong opposition to the whole matter of Home Rule, when it shall be brought forward by Mr. GLADSTONE.

IT has been reported that Mr. JOHN BRIGHT had been talked over to Mr. GLADSTONE'S present views of the Irish question, but it proves not to be true. He is, on the contrary, seriously opposed to them, which is unfortunate, as his support would be of the greatest value to the Premier. The judgment of Mr. BRIGHT is greatly respected by all Englishmen, and though, because of his intense dislike to routine work he has not often sat in the Cabinet, the Ministers have always been glad of his advice and criticism. It was his aid that enabled Mr. GLADSTONE in 1869-70 to put through the Irish Church bill and the first land act. It is a great pity that he cannot be ranked among Mr. GLADSTONE'S supporters at the present momentous crisis.

BELGIUM seems to be given up to strikers in her manufacturing districts. They have turned themselves into a riotous mob, and have already destroyed more than $2,000,000 worth of property in and around Charleroi. Thousands of persons who have not joined the strikers have been thrown out of employment by the destruction of the factories. Troops are now endeavoring to preserve order, and on Saturday a conflict took place which resulted in the killing of twenty of the rioters, and the wounding of hundreds.

EXAMPLE AS A FACTOR IN RUM-DRINKING.

There is no influence more powerful in this world than that of example. The little child copies his father's doings, with that blind infantile belief in the absolute perfection of the author of his being that all little folks have. The boy does the same thing; and the example of a father is far more potent than all the wordy good advice that he can bestow upon his son. The father may earnestly warn his child of the danger of ever allowing himself to be familiarized with the taste of Rum; but all that he can say on this subject will be neutralized in an instant, if that boy sees his father come out of a saloon wiping his lips, or if he detects the infernal odor upon that father's breath.

When there is a variation between precept and example, in this matter or anything else pertaining to the training of youth, example very generally wins the day. It is a rare exception when it does not. And this principle of unconscious yet potent teaching by example extends much farther than through the period of childhood. The vast majority of men are easily led—far too easily, where their appetites or their passions enter as a factor into the matter. Many and many a young man has been led into drinking habits by finding that his employer, or his older and more experienced fellow-clerks or fellow-workmen indulged in it. Thousands of men have wrecked their lives because of the example of those in authority over them.

We have in previous articles adverted to the despotic power of fashion, and the terrible advantage that is given to Rum and its satellites by the fact that it is fashionable to have wine and other strong drinks at formal dinners, receptions, balls, etc. The harm that arises from this pernicious custom is largely due to the force of the example of a very few, comparatively, of the leaders of fashion. They command, and the rest obey—not because they wish to, but simply that they may be "in style." What more striking illustration can be given of the potent influence of example, and of the imitative instinct of humanity? We are like sheep—we will follow a leader, even if that leader leaps over a precipice, and death awaits us on the jagged rocks of the yawning gulf below.

In view of all these facts, is it not the absolute duty of every parent who wishes his sons saved from the vice of intemperance, of every employer who has a store, an office, a factory or a shop full of men, of every person who has any influence, even the slightest, over others (and who has none?) to abstain utterly and entirely from indulgence in drink? Let liquor alone. It should have no place in your life. As SAM JONES said at Chicago the other day, "Liquor is a good thing in its place, but its place is hell." Give the force of your voice, your example, to keep it in that place. Its place is not only hell, but it is a part of hell itself; and wherever it goes, it takes hell along with it. If it enters your life, it makes that life a hell; if it enters your family circle, it turns it into a hell for one or more of your loved ones; if you drink it and take it into your system, it creates a burning, raging, unquenchable thirst, which can only be likened to the eternal fires of hell.

The example of a father may bring hell into the lives of his children, and of their children, for generations. The drink habit in an older workman may draw down to the pit dozens of the younger employes of the same establishment.

The genteel tippling of a merchant is full of danger to his clerks. The sparkling wine upon the table of the fashionable woman may work ruin to thousands. We must remember that the vast mass of mankind is as yet without any distinct opinions upon the question of Rum. This may seem strange, but it is true. On this question, the people of our land may be divided into three general classes: First, those whose eyes are opened to the terrible nature of Rum, to the danger of indulgence, and to the unnumbered woes which follow in the train of the drink habit; second, those who make their living by Rum-making or Rum selling, or are in some way interested in the Rum traffic, as well as those who have been brought up in the belief that harmless drinking is pssible; third and by far the largest number, those who have paid but little or no attention to the subject, and who have no well-defined opinion thereon. The first class is growing, and growing rapidly; and we have a lively faith that it will not be long until the great mass of the third class enumerated above shall be enlightened as to the true nature of Rum, and shall join the ranks of those who are fighting the battle of Prohibition against the Rum Power.

The coming of this glorious time will be hastened if every man who is convinced of the necessity of Prohibition will not only give his voice but his example to the advancement of the cause. It is not a question of manners, of fashion, of custom; it is, as SAM JONES puts it, "a question of blood, and death, and hell." The time has come when a strong effort, a mighty effort, shall be undertaken to exterminate Rum and destroy the Rum Power. Wives and mothers are weary of seeing their husbands turned into drunkards, their sons debauched and ruined for time and eternity. Fathers are tired of seeing their dear ones encompassed by danger on every side when they leave their homes and go forth in the glorious confidence and headstrong rashness of youth, to do battle with the world. The times are growing ripe for its extinction. The feeling is spreading that Rum is not worth what it costs the world, and that it and its defenders must go. Each day brings nearer the inevitable end—the glorious day when the mighty voice of the millions of America shall unite in the cry,

"*Pulverize the Rum Power!*".

A SWINDLER.

We have received letters from Decatur, Illinois, which show that a swindler has been taking subscriptions for the BLADE and pocketing the money. Here is a sample letter:

DECATUR, Ill., March 23.—EDITOR BLADE:—Some two weeks or more ago an elderly gentleman came into our office soliciting subscribers for your paper, the Toledo BLADE. I subscribed and paid 25 cents for the paper for three months. The gentleman said the paper would come the following week. Please tell me if you have had any agents through this city, or was he a humbug. I think he succeeded in getting a large number of names.

This fellow is a fraud. He should be arrested. Don't pay anybody money on subscription to the BLADE, unless it is some one whom you know, some resident of your neighborhood, who is getting up a club.

THE importation of fresh beef from the United States into the British Isles is steadily increasing from year to year, thus presenting almost the only exception to the general shrinkage of imports from this country. In 1885 there were 852,210 cwts. imported from the United States, out of a total importation of 902,189 cwts. The aggregate importations, as well as the percentage of the importations from the United States, is rapidly increasing, while the importations from all other countries is diminishing. Not so with dressed sheep, of which Australasia furnishes 336,595 cwts. in a total of 571,646 cwts. The proportions of the United States in this line is very slight; though the aggregate importations are increasing more rapidly than those of beef.

IF there is a handsomer paper than the BLADE, we don't know it. It has always been the best, and now it is better than ever. We shall continue to improve it every week. Is it any wonder that it enjoys the largest circulation of any paper in the United States?

THE EDMUNDS RESOLUTIONS.

On Friday the United States Senate closed the debate on the Edmunds resolutions, and passed them. The first of these agrees to and adopts the report of the committee (to whom was referred the matter of the refusal of the heads of departments, under direction of the President, to furnish information and papers to the Senate); the second condemns Attorney General GARLAND for his refusal to furnish the papers in the Duskin case; the third declares that the Senate ought to refuse its advice and consent where the papers in cases of suspension are refused; and the fourth declares that the law giving soldiers the preference for offices ought to be faithfully executed. Another resolution, declaring that under these resolutions the Attorney General would be liable to fine and imprisonment for contumacy if he should continue to refuse to send in papers called for, was adopted by a party vote.

Friday was therefore a field day in the Senate, and a very large crowd of spectators packed the galleries, anxious to hear the debate. Mr. INGALLS opened the debate in an extremely telling speech on the general subject of the refusal of the executive to furnish information needed by the Senate, on the flimsy pretext that papers urging the removal of Republicans are "private," while those recommending Democrats for the same offices are public. He was followed by Sen. HARRISON, of Indiana, who recited a number of facts that squarely disprove CLEVELAND'S assertion that he has made no changes in office which were not for the improvement of the service. He spoke of the appointment of one CONROY to an important place in charge of mails, showed that this man had passed a part of his life in a state prison, and then read the names of those who urged his appointment on the ground that he was "an earnest worker in the cause of Democracy, early and late at the polls."

He mentioned other cases alluded to, and read from two Democratic papers of Indiana a protest against the President appointing to office in that state any more "thieves, rascals, dead beats, perjurers and reprobates." Then he showed by a number of instances that Republican editors who were postmasters had been removed only to make room for Democratic editors, and read a letter from one of these, applying for the postoffice on the distinct ground that he needed the office to keep his Democratic organ alive.

He read a report of the recent meeting of a Democratic county committee composed of a pension agent and several postmasters. Sixteen Democratic newspaper proprietors had been made postmasters or collectors of internal revenue; would these men, he asked, not be partisans in the next canvass? Thirty-three Presidential postmasters who were old soldiers, he said, had been removed in Indiana; only ten of these places had been given to Democratic soldiers. Three hundred and sixty-one soldiers and eleven soldiers' widows had been removed from small postoffices. Only ninety soldiers and one soldier's widow had received places of the same kind. He mentioned one case where an Indiana Union soldier had been removed and a Confederate soldier living in Indiana put into his place. After giving many other like cases, Mr. Harrison said:

> The President cannot know about all these cases. He has been deceived by men of his own party. But he ought to know that he has been deceived; he ought to single out the representatives and Senators and others who have deceived him, and he ought to trust them no more.

Undoubtedly true; and he might well have shown that the President can easily and completely protect himself against being misled by spoilsmen Bourbon politicians by acceding to the Senate's request for papers relating to such cases, and by making public all applications for office. He has refused to do this, and thus has assumed a responsibility for bad appointments and all sorts of mistakes. He will discover some day that to trust the people and to enable them to inform themselves of what is going on is his only safe way. During HARRISON'S speech, Sen. VOORHEES was in hot water, as he has been one of the most open and persistent beggars for office, in order to bolster up his waning power in Indiana, and the cases of grossly unfit appointments which his colleague cited were all made at the instigation and request of VOORHEES himself.

Sen. LOGAN followed, in a speech which was an admirable supplement to that of Mr. HARRISON. He spoke of a Union soldier, an Andersonville prisoner, who had been suspended for cause. He asked if he was accused of any wrong, but, with some difficulty, learned that there was no charge against him. Gen. LOGAN bluntly characterized this as hypocrisy on the President's part which should not be tolerated by the people. He gave another case of a soldier's suspension. LOGAN wrote the President to ask if anything was charged against this man, adding that he would resign if he was asked to. The President replied, referring him to the postmaster general, and this officer wrote a very civil reply, saying that there were no charges against him, but that his resignation would be accepted. His next example caused a sensation in the Senate and audience. The President nominated, in Illinois, a man for postmaster who, while a colonel of volunteers, had been detected making false vouchers against the government; who, later, having committed other frauds, was indicted and tried, and got off because he pleaded the statute of limitations. LOGAN went on with emphasis:

> Now, I went to the President myself and told him the facts in this case as to why he should not nominate this man, but yet he has sent his name into us. But it will be a cold day when he is confirmed. How can the people know how their government is conducted if Congress may not require every paper from the files? I want the people to have every opportunity to look, to examine, to see, to assist their representatives in doing their duty. When the Democratic party excludes the doors against the people, this is a denial to the people to see and know what their servants are doing.

Mr. EDMUNDS, the author of the resolutions, next took the floor, and made the unanswerable argument that if the President had lived up to his public promises, he yet could, in the first year of his term, have filled up more than a quarter of the offices with Democrats, by reason of the expiration of terms, deaths, resignations and removal of clearly unfit men; in the first two years 70 per cent. of all the offices would have become vacant, to be filled by him, and in three years almost all. This, he urged, would have been avoided for all time—by the force of this precedent—the great and dangerous scramble for office. He added, what is very true, and a scandal to Mr. CLEVELAND, that he has abandoned his public promises and given himself to the mere dispensing of offices.

Several other minor speeches were then made, and the resolutions put to a vote and passed. The sum total of the debate is, that the fact is clearly proved that CLEVELAND has acted the hypocrite in loudly professing that no man should be removed for a political reason merely, while he has removed over 600 for that cause alone.

ONE of the best things in Sen. INGALLS'S speech on the Edmunds resolutions in the Senate Friday was his word portrait of the present Democratic "reform" administration:

> Geologists have found in the rocks illustrations of a being that occurred in the transition from the fish to the bird. There is an extinct creature called by geologists the "pterodactyl," or winged reptile, which is a lizard with feathers on its paws and feathers on its tail. It appears to me that a political system that illustrates in its practical operations the appointments, by the same administration, of Eugene Higgins and Dorman B. Eaton can be regarded as the transition epoch and characterized as the pterodactyl in politics. Like that animal it is equally adapted to waddling and dabbling in the slime and mud of partisan politics and soaring aloft with loud cries into the glittering and opalescent empyrean of civil service reform.

THE INTELLIGENT WORKMEN OF AMERICA.

A prominent free trade writer makes the somewhat trite remark that "it is admitted even by protectionists that the American workingman is, on the whole, the most intelligent and productive laborer in the world." There is something supremely cheeky in such an utterance. The protectionists of America have always claimed that the American workingman was superior in education, in intelligence, in everything, to the pauper labor of England and Continental Europe, and showed clearly that it was the result of superiority of ihs mode of living and of maintaining his family—which in turn is made possible by the higher wages he receives, and which higher wages are due entirely to our protective system.

The American workingman takes the lead of all others, as he should; for in a large, comprehensive sense he is the child of protection, and his progenitor has no need to be ashamed of him. He is the pride of the family, and when the free trader thinks of him as a product not to be matched elsewhere, it must be a source of deep humiliation that he cannot point to him as the outcome of the system which he advocates, and which in no one of its many experiments has brought forth our laborer's superior.

Free trade would like to dandle on its knee the same kind of infant and hold up for a world's admiration a sample of it progeny of equal vigor and beauty, were that possible; but not being possible, it is something, we admit, to look at the other fellow's child and acknowledge that it beats the world. The brief sentence quoted above comprehends much. It is history in short meter. The United States wanted laborers which would beat the world in the points of intelligence and productiveness, and selected the protective system for the purpose of getting them. The other system, which involved buying manufactures in foreign countries, did not tend to produce that kind of laborers, and the authors of the American system discarded it when they saw its failure.

The adoption of the system of protection and the raising of the highest class of laborers stand toward each other in the relation of cause and effect. It was what was foreseen and expected: we rejoice at the fruit of our prevision and care. That our free trade friends cannot show a single specimen of results which can stand a moment alongside of the child of protection in the world's great exposition is a gloomy circumstance, but it cannot be helped. It is the way of the world.

Now our good friends who wish to buy their supplies abroad and convert our population to Arcadian simplicity, and compel them to engage in sheep tending and hog raising, naturally enough think the order of Providence and the enactments of Congress under the leadership of HENRY CLAY, and by the advice of JEFFERSON, ADAMS, WEBSTER and GREELEY, were in malicious combination when they succeeded in bringing out the American laborer in such grand style.

They took him from the cradle—all free-trade narratives being true—tied his hands and feet with cords, loaded him with unjust taxes, bent him to the earth with outrageous burdens, deprived him of the exhilarating air, the invigorating food, the pleasant aroma, the healing balsam, and the recuperating power of untrammeled trade—kicked him in the abdomen, tore his hair, scourged his back, mauled his features, pounded his head, clinched his throat, and stifled his breath; yet, after all, he grows up the most manly and handsome of men, while his free-trade brother, the child of fortune, clothed with the luxuries of unrestricted commerce, enjoying the benefits of free ships, free ports, free markets, free competition, and the full advantages of the great system of HUME, and PEEL, and BRIGHT, and COBDEN, must stand on the lower platform and bear off the lesser prize. But so it is.

LOOK UP YOUR POLICY.

It might be well for every reader of the BLADE who has a fire insurance policy to read that document carefully and see whether it really will protect him if his property were to burn. There are a multitude of provisions and conditions in some policies we have seen which practically withdraw protection from the insured building. The Columbus *Dispatch* prints a clause from a policy used by a company now doing business in this state, which is of this character. Read it carefully and see how little protection it gives:

> If gasoline or similar material be used, or gas produced therefrom, generated within the building or contiguous thereto, or, if without written permission in this policy, any article subject to legal restriction, be kept or used, or any of the following named specially hazardous articles be kept on sale, stored, made or used in making other articles in or on the premises herein described, viz: Acids, artificial hair, benzine, broom corn, chemicals, chemical oils, china grass, celluloid, cotton (unpacked), cotton seeds, drugs, esparto grass, ethers, fireworks, flax, flocks (unpacked), gasoline, gunpowder, hay (unpacked) hemp, jute, Manila grass, naptha, nitro-glycerine, oiled cloths, oiled clothing, oils (resin and similar), paints, petroleum and products, phosphorus, rags and paper stock (unpacked), rubber cement, saltpetre, shoddy, Sisal grass, straw (unpacked), upholsterers' stocks which include excelsior, moss or tow, varnish, wool waste, etc.

No wonder the *Dispatch* remarks that the company could simplify matters by stipulating, instead of the above, that "This policy shall be void if any article whatever is kept on sale, stored, made or used in or on the premises described, or if nothing is kept on sale, used, stored, or made therein." The company wants to secure the premises, but doesn't want to take any risk.

An exchange also calls attention to the fact that many fire insurance policies contain a clause making the risk void if the building stands on leased ground. Buildings erected in this way are quite common in cities, and it might be well for persons holding policies on such structures to see if they do not contain a line in real small type with this stipulation.

It would be an excellent bit of precaution if every man, before insuring, should demand a blank policy, and examine the mass of conditions printed therein. It might save him from paying premiums for years, and then, in case of loss, finding that he really wasn't insured at all.

TO THOSE NOT SUBSCRIBERS WHO RECEIVE THIS NUMBER OF THE BLADE.

In response to requests of friends, a large number of people who are not subscribers will receive this number of the BLADE. We ask all such to examine it carefully, in all its departments, and if they like it to subscribe. We claim for the BLADE that it is the largest, handsomest, cheapest and best paper published in the world.

Only one dollar a year, 30 cents for three months.

Examine it carefully and see if anywhere you can get so much for your money.

SEC. GARLAND has been compelled, by the pressure of public opinion, and especially by the fierce denunciations of leading Eastern Democratic papers, to break his sepulchral silence as to the ROGERS business, and has signified to Chairman BOYLE his desire to appear before the Pan-Electric investigating committee and make a statement. It is said that the Attorney General has taken this step after consultation with Pres. CLEVELAND. The country, as well as the committee, will be glad to hear what Mr. GARLAND has to say for himself, and will give any statement he may make careful and candid consideration.

NOTHING but the shadow of the labor question stands in the way of a good season's business for the merchants, manufacturers and mechanics of the United States.

THE BLADE SEWING MACHINE.

We are now shipping our new machine daily, and in a few weeks will be caught up, and be prepared to ship the machines the same day we receive the orders.

Everywhere the machine has given perfect satisfaction, as letters from the recipients testify.

The warranted Blade Sewing Machine and the WEEKLY BLADE one year, $18.

P. S.—Will those who have received machines kindly write us their experience? We want to hear from everybody.

OUR NEW DRESS.

To-day the BLADE appears in its new costume, and we believe that our patrons, both readers and advertisers, will heartily agree with us that it is now the handsomest daily newspaper in the country. We have discarded brevier type, and the paper now appears in minion and nonpareil. This change gives our patrons more reading matter in the same space, but the face of the new letter is so beautifully clear and distinct that it is far easier to read than was that which we have just disused.

The entire dress is from the Illinois Type Founding company, 200 and 202 Clark street, Chicago, and the appearance of today's issue of the BLADE is the best recommendation the firm can possibly have at our hands. The different faces of letter, both in the display and the reading matter, are all of the latest modern styles. This establishment is the Western branch of the famous Bruce type foundry, of New York, famed for two generations for the excellence of its manufacture of type and the beauty of its faces.

THE GREAT STRIKE.

At this writing it looks as though the great strike of employes on the Gould system of railways is about over. The correspondence between the Knights of Labor officials and Mr. POWDERLY, on the one hand, and the Missouri Pacific management and JAY GOULD on the other, has been made public. The general executive board of the Knights wrote to Mr. GOULD, proposing an interview for the purpose of negotiating a submission of the strike difficulty to an arbitration committee of seven men, three appointed by the company, three by the Knights, these six to select the seventh. To this Mr. GOULD replied, citing the agreement of Grand Master Workman POWDERLY in August, 1885, that no strikes should be ordered on the Missouri Pacific lines until after conference with the officials of the road.

Incorporated in Mr. GOULD'S reply are several communications, the first being a letter of Sec. HOPKINS, of the Missouri Pacific, to Mr. POWDERLY, dated March 6, calling his attention to the strike and reminding him of his agreement; also stating that the strikers declared they have no grievance, but struck because they were ordered to do so. To this Mr. POWDERLY replied, on March 8, that the strike was ordered because of the discharge of a man named HALL, and inquiring if HALL could not be reinstated pending an investigation. Mr. HOPKINS replied the same day, that HALL was an employe of the Texas Pacific, not the Missouri Pacific; that the Texas Pacific is in the hands of a receiver under direction of the United States court, and that the Missouri Pacific management has no control over the receiver or the employes; he declared that the Missouri Pacific had carried out its agreement made with Mr. POWDERLY, and insisted that POWDERLY should carry out his own part of the bargain.

Mr. GOULD goes on to say that no reply was received, that the company's request for a conference was ignored, its premises invaded and its property destroyed. The whole matter was then put in Vice President HOXIE'S hands, with full powers, his only instructions being to use every endeavor to continue the operation of the road. HOXIE'S endeavors, in conjunction with the governors of Missouri and Kansas, to settle the matter, were unavailing. He also intimated that when the proclamations of the governors were obeyed, and the striking employes desist from violence and interference, Mr. HOXIE would be ready to treat in a proper spirit of fairness and courtesy.

Mr. POWDERLY replied on March 27 (Saturday last), saying that the necessity of an immediate close to the strike precluded entering upon a full discussion of the whole matter, and urging a consent to the proposition for a committee of seven arbitrators to settle the matter, leaving all else to be arranged afterward. On the 28th (Sunday), POWDERLY and GOULD had a conference, which lasted until night, when an order was issued by Mr. GOULD to Mr. HOXIE directing him, in resuming work, to prefer the late employes, whether Knights of Labor or not; except that he is not to employ any one who injured the company's property, nor to discharge any one who took service during the strike; the differences between the company and Knights to be left to arbitration. The executive board of the Knights thereupon sent out an order to the men to resume work at once.

THE strike did not end promptly on Monday on Mr. POWDERLY'S order. The assemblies concerned would not go back to work until other matters are arbitrated upon; and they will also refuse assent to the condition that men engaged in disabling engines, etc., shall not be re-employed. They insist that all men shall be taken back without discrimination for any cause.

EMANCIPATION does not seem to be making rapid headway in Brazil. Those who know the most about the matter say that slavery is now further from being abolished than it has been for the past ten years, and there is really little hope of the negro getting his rights for another 20 years without a revolution. The atrocities inflicted upon him are simply terrible. The colony of Southerners who went to that country after the civil war because they would not live under a Yankee government have seen slavery under its worst form, and are now, as a rule, anti-slavery men. They would gladly return to the states if they could, but are too poor to do so.

NASBY.

all they have to go through a whole re
arole of testimony, affidavits, etc.
hich will cost a soldier more than he will
obably get if he has the good luck to ge
is pension. So you see, comrades, it is a
scheme to beat the poor, honest soldie
ut of his earnings. Ah, comrades, it
igh time something was done to reward
e poor soldier for his service. Let u
ear from you, comrades.—DANIEL LEISURE
o. E, 11th W. Va. Inf. Vol., Lansing,
ich.

I am often led to reflect for what cause
r why it is that there are so many appare
nt minds or constructions on the same
attle, or on some one particular moves
ent during the battle. Many of the
eroes of that accursed rebellion have gone
er the river, peace to their memories!
often think that those that are striving
create strife are striving to gain some
nds from their fallen comrades. Let
s have peace in the Union ranks in re
rd to the conduct of the war, unless it
in such cases as the Fitz John Porter
se, and then do not let the rebels dig
m up, and restore him to rank and pos
on because he helped them to gain the
ttle. Shame to army man North or
uth, who claims loyalty to the Union to
pport such an act. But what can be ex
cted from a man or men that will lower
flag to half-mast, on the receipt of the
ws of Jeff Thompson's death, or what
re could be expected than these same
en would be glad to see Jeff Davis Presi
nt of the United States? I agree with S.
athe, 18th Ohio, in not calling any rebel
t ever held a commission under the
el administration by the appellation of
neral, Colonel or Lieutenant. Honor to
om honor is due.—RAMBLER.

The Soldier's Home.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I enlisted in 1861,
st call, in the 1st Michigan Engineers,
d served as a private—which I am proud

I used to compose songs for the boys
sing around the camp fire, and I take the
erty of sending one of them to you for
publication if you think it worthy of a
place in your paper:

'Midst war's bloody scenes we poor soldiers
must roam,
Deprived of the pleasures and comforts of home;
With no friends to console us in sickness or
pain,
We pine for the friends we may never meet
again.
Home, home, the soldier's home,
Is wherever his duty may call him to roam.

We march night and day; on the cold ground
we lie;
Our pillow a knapsack, our covering the sky;
On bacon and hard-tack we poor soldiers live,
And of times half rations of that to us they gave.
Home, home, the soldier's home,
Is wherever his duty may call him to roam.

Many of our comrades sleep by the wayside,
Who from long weary marching and hard fare
have died;
While others repining in post-houses lie,
Alone among strangers they languish and die.
Home, home, they are going home,
They receive their last furlough and go to their
home.

A sigh for the wounded, a tear for the slain,
Who died for our country, our laws to maintain;
May our noble banner o'er all Columbia wave,
Our Eagle triumphant soar o'er each traitor's
grave.
Home, home, we are going home;
When the rebs are all conquered then we will
go home.

C. K. BREWER, Co. G, 1st Mich. Eng.

From Grandma.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I have been thinking for some time I would write, but feared some one might say: "You are mistaken; there was no such regiment as you speak of." And it does seem as if there were no 105th Pennsylvania Volunteers, or do none of them take the dear old BLADE? I examine every paper for a blaze from Company I, 105th. I shall throw on my splinter, hoping to wake them up. I am a soldier's daughter, not a soldier's little girl, but a grandma. My father was wounded in front of Richmond, and died December 23. A short time before his
th a friend asked about his welfare.
d he said he was just waiting the roll
ll, then he was ready to pass over. Sol
rs, you are all getting old. I pray you
w all be ready for the final roll call. I
ll give a few extracts from father's
ters:

"June 6, 1864, eight miles from Rich
nd—I am writing in the breastworks,
hich we have just finished, to tell you of
r condition. We are advancing slowly
t surely. Our division is now on the
t wing of the army, and in front, having
oved last night from the extreme right;
is a terrible move, through woods and
amps, and this morning we had to build
astworks in sight of the Rebel line of
ttle.

June 12, 1864.—Well, we are lying here
tching each other. The enemy are well
ntrenched. I have talked to a good many
d prisoners and wounded on the battle-
ld, and a braver set of men don't live;
e are their match, and do not fear
m on equal footing. They do not stand
to a fight as brave as they used to.
r courage is failing, and I hope it will
ll fail them entirely. Well, this is the
Sabbath day. Rev. Truesdail preached
us. I liked the sermon very much.
God save this nation from sin, while it
passing through this awful effusion of
od and suffering, should be the prayer
God's people at home."—MRS. F. W.
LL, Donophan, Mo.

Stubborn Facts.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I have been looking
the boys as they are sitting around the
MP FIRE, to see if there were any there
o enlisted under the flag of the 90th O.
L in '62. So far I have not seen one or
rd them speak. Well, I have enjoyed
e chat around the CAMP FIRE very much.
ere have been many amusing incidents
ought out through this department that
s cheered the hearts of the old vets. In
my of their gloomy hours. Thanks to
e BLADE for these favors. There have
o been many stubborn facts presented in
fense of the poor, broken down soldier
d his rights, that the haters of the Union
e trying to ignore. For instance, "Pen
ner," from Wisconsin, on pensions. I
nk he has presented in a clear and con
e form an array of facts that should
op the mouths of those who are continu
howling about the terrible drain on the
blic treasury. Yes, they go so far as to
ll us government paupers, forgetting the
rrible drain on the systems of those brave
llows who dared and saved this

Correspondence.

AT GLAD GALVESTON.

Remarks on the Island City—Its Beautiful Beach—The Great Fire—A Weather Report—Points About the Strike—The Blade's Man Enthused.

GALVESTON, Tex., March 22.—(Staff Correspondence.)—After a ride through Texas and an experience with the towns along the route, to enter the city of Galveston is like visiting a foreign place, for it is as dissimilar to the towns on the mainland as it could be were Galveston bay 300 miles wide instead of three, the length of the trestle work over which the trains cross. The city, situate on an island with the bay on one side and the Gulf of Mexico on the other, is completely isolated from the world except by such communication as is furnished by the railroad trains and vessels. No ox teams, no mule trains, no droves of long-horned cattle or scrawny sheep are ever seen in Galveston, and that is why it is so un-Texas-like. Were there wagon bridges or even ferry boats crossing the bay, there might be a difference in this respect; but the citizens do not appear to be relishing for any such transformation and the bridge and ferry boats will probably not be forthcoming for a long time. Galveston is one of the few cities I know of in this world that have no environs. The city is exclusive and within itself, bearing little or no relation to its immediate surroundings. In a word, it has no country around it — no territory peopled with farmers and other consumers who buy at retail, and relies for its business on the wholesale trade almost entirely. It is a port of entry and an important one, possessing a good harbor, and is the *entrepot* for an immense amount of shipments, inward and outward. Thus it is that Galveston is really only a wholesale city. A large portion of its population is made up of northerners, most of whom came from the north Atlantic states, and their push and enterprise is noticeable in the business of the city.

The fire which burned so large a portion of Galveston last November was a severe blow from which the city is about recovering. The burnt territory, which was depicted by a map published in the BLADE within 24 hours after the fire, was composed chiefly of residences, but in the best portion of the city. A great number of new buildings are being erected on the ruins, and as is usually the case, the houses in the rebuilt region will be improvements on the ones destroyed. There are yet to be seen many heaps of bricks, charred timbers and crumbling foundation walls, plainly denoting for the visitor the course of the conflagration. But Phœnix-like, the district is rising from its ashes. This is not an original observation, but I have permission to use it. Some of these houses, in rising from their ashes, have taken to a height above the ground greater than a northerner deems absolutely necessary, and are propped up on posts or columns of brick with plenty of room between, in the true Southern style. In some cases lattice work is placed between the posts to prevent an uninterrupted view of the under side of the house, but of course it is absent.

Galveston is much in the same predicament as the shipwrecked sailor who groaned, "Water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink!" For the water used for cooking and drinking purposes the city must depend entirely on the rainfall. Wells and water works are alike impossible for the city's use, and the only recourse is cisterns for rain water. This fact makes the cave-troughing the most important part of the houses. Alongside of behind every house in the city large or small, imposing or humble, is found a wooden tank or cistern supported on trestles. In some cases where the houses are large, there are two of these cisterns, one above the other, reaching from the ground up to the eaves. All the rain fall that can possibly be caught on the roofs is conducted to these tanks and drawn therefrom as required. So important is this water supply that in sight-seeing about the city the stranger almost makes up his mind that the cisterns are the most noticeable features, and the houses are only side issues.

"If you come down here for the winter," said a citizen to me, "you came too late."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because our winter is all over and you won't have any of it. You should have been here when we had snow on the ground and the bay was frozen over."

"Must have seemed strange," said I, "to see the Texans driving over here in their sleighs on the ice, didn't it?"

"My friend," said he looking at me sympathizingly, "when I said the bay was frozen over I spoke truly; but I did not mean to intimate that it was frozen solid to the bottom. The ice was less than half an inch thick."

Whatever the weather may have been in January it is deliciously pleasant now. The sun is just warm enough to make you cross over to the shady side of the street, and when you are there the ever moving breeze makes you go back into the sunlight again. During a walk along the beach Sunday the sun's rays so cooked the back of my neck that the cuticle is coming off in sections. That is how warm it is here. Speaking of the beach, I wish Toledo had it. Everybody in Galveston took their relatives or friends out for a ride or walk along it all day Sunday. It is wide and reaches the entire length of the island on the Gulf side, so level and smooth and hard, a carriage scarcely makes an impression it its surface in passing. The season has not yet opened, and though there are no bathers in the surf many visitors are here to breathe the salt air from which the chill has been taken off. A handsome hotel is located on the best portion of the beach, and all accessories are the usual ones added to a seaside resort, roller rinks, beer gardens, refreshment stands, animal cages, etc., but only a few of them now open. From the fact that I saw two old cars of a "roller coaster" now doing duty as settees on the lawn in front of the Beach Hotel, I think that one of Toledo's works of mechanical art was once in operation here, carrying big and little children around the circle for a nickel.

Galveston can claim the distinction of being the real striking point of the now notorious strike in the Southwest. Though the ostensible cause that started the strike was the discharge of a man at Marshall, the boldness of the Knights in ordering the movement, it is said, were stimulated by the pseudo success they had achieved in their dealing with the Mallory line of steamships here after a season of boycott. The Mallory line discharged some men who were Knights, and thereupon a strike was ordered. This not having the desired effect, the Knights ordered a boycott and undertook to prevent the railroads bringing any freight into the city to be shipped on the Mallory line. The steamship men finally made some concessions to the strikers, and the boycott was removed. The Knights celebrated a victory, and, elated with success, undertook to play the same tactics on the Missouri Pacific railroad system, with what result can be seen in the daily reports. Unlike most other towns, Galveston is not entirely at the mercy of the strike, for the Southern Pacific road from New Orleans, and the vessels from all ports raise the blockade and provisions can easily come in. The wholesale trade suffers greatly, of course, on account of the inability to ship to customers in Texas, but more fortunate than other towns the strike has not raised the price of provisions here. Speaking of provisions makes me think that the further south you go the more you have to pay for tropical fruit; bananas and oranges can be bought cheaper in Toledo than in Galveston.

Though the paved streets of Galveston are few in number the system of street railways is a good one for the public's convenience. Most of the cars run on belt routes that encircle a large portion of the city, and go "round and round." This enables passengers to reach their destination by transferring or getting off and on at it, preventing many mistakes. And if you accidentally are carried by the place where you intended to get off you may sit in your seat until you come around to it again. Another fact in this connection is that street car tickets are legal tender in Galveston, not alone on all lines of cars, but at any cigar stand, restaurant, saloon, or other place of business they are accepted at five cents in payment for goods. The tickets are not sold at a discount, as is common in most places, but each little pasteboard represents a cash value of a nickel. Another thing funny about the town is the fact that almost anybody knows what a nickel is, and a customer is not required to pay ten cents for five cents worth and no change, as is the time-honored custom in certain Southern places I know of.

The city of Galveston, with its beach and harbor, is worth the visit of any one and is worthy to the tourist. A fact not sufficiently well known is that a traveler can start from Toledo and arrive here in good time, with but one change of cars, and that simply the stepping from one train to another in the Union depot at St. Louis. The great Wabash route from Toledo to St. Louis, and the Iron Mountain and the International & Great Northern from that city here, is the way to come. Solid trains, not only sleeping cars, but day coaches, first and second-class, run through from St. Louis to Galveston in good time and without change. This is news for many people, for I didn't know it myself until I had gone over the route most of the way. The itinerary of the tourist embraces Little Rock, Texarkana, Ark., Marshall, Palestine, Houston and Galveston, Texas, traversing, as will be seen, the best portion of the states. The Missouri Pacific system, with all its ramifications, reaches throughout Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana and the Indian territory. The southern and southwestern termini are Galveston, Laredo and El Paso, the former two reached by the International & Great Northern and the latter by the Texas & Pacific. Tourists and land seekers may go south by one route and return by another, thus seeing a great portion, and the best portion, of the Lone Star state. The roads in this system are first-class in every respect, and even during so trying a time as through the strike when your correspondent made his observations, no fault can be found with the running. If something does not yet happen to make me realize on my investment in an accident insurance ticket I will always feel as though I could conscientiously recommend the Wabash road and the Missouri Pacific system to those who contemplate going to Texas for any purpose whatever—even to get away from the sheriff. REAM.

CARROLLTON FIENDS.

True Story of the Massacre—Origin of the Difficulty—Whisky and Molasses—The Color Line—Preconcerted Action by Whites to Murder the Negroes.

CARROLLTON, Miss., March 24.—Special.—On the 17th inst. there occurred in this place the most savage massacre that has ever been recorded in the history of infamy. It excels any of the massacres that the wild Indians committed in the dark ages of their existence. The origin was as follows: During the Christmas holidays there occurred an altercation on our streets between Robert Moore, a low, drunken, white man, and Ed. Brown, a desperate colored man. The latter knocked the former down with a jug of molasses which he held in his hands at the time. This passed off very quietly until about February 13, one Jim Liddell, jr., a friend of Robt. Moore, was in town, drunk, apparently. About dark he entered a saloon and called all up to the counter to take a drink with him. Among those whom he called was Ed. Brown. He remarked to Brown at the time:

"You are the d—d rascal who had the audacity to fight a white man some time ago. Ed, I want to tell you this one thing, I intend to give you a d—d good whipping."

Ed remarked that the fight between Moore and himself did not concern Liddell.

Liddell, a notorious bulldozer, who had proved his heroic and patriotic spirit in political campaigns in gone by years, and two years ago was rewarded by the county he now represents in the legislature for representative, which is equivalent to an election in this "Sunny South," drew his pistol and attempted to shoot Ed. Ed told him that he was not armed, but he was not afraid of his pistol. The saloon-keeper and others prevented the shooting. Ed. left, and soon was seen on the street in company with one of his brothers and a relative, talking. Liddell approached him and said: "See here, Ed., what are you doing on these streets?" Ed. replied: "None of your business." He knocked Ed. off the sidewalk, and at the same time went back in his hip pocket for his pistol. Just as soon as he got his pistol out, Ed. shot him several times, but none of the shots proved fatal. Ed. was shot once, and also his brother, who was a bystander, but neither one of the wounds were fatal.

On February 15 the Brown boys were arrested and bound over until Jim Liddell could get well enough to attend the trial. Finally Liddell got up, after a week's confinement in his room. The preliminary trial was set for March 17. During this long interval Liddell goes around secretly and got his friends to come to Carrollton on the day of the trial, armed with sixteen shooters. The court convened about 12 o'clock. These friends and regulators entered the town about 1 o'clock. They numbered about 100 men, armed with their sixteen shooters. They made haste to the court house, and commenced shooting promiscuously, killing the Brown boys and every colored person that could be seen in the court room. The total number dead up to this writing are thirteen, and five mortally wounded, who are expected to die at any moment.

It is supposed that two of the regulators were shot by Ed. Brown. When they commenced shooting in the court room, he got out his pistol and shot two or three times; then died from his wounds.

These supposed strangers, unmasked, left immediately after the killing. The whole was a pre-arranged affair, understood by the citizens and justice of the peace and constable. In shooting promiscuously, why did not the lawyers and other white men get killed? It is too plain to say that it was not conceded by the court. The eleven killed were only spectators, and had nothing to do with the affair at all.

TALMAGE'S TWELFTH SERMON.

Motherhood and What It Means in the Rearing of a Family—How Industry, Intelligence and Piety are Essential to the True Mother's Character.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., March 28.—Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., of Brooklyn, preached in this city this morning, on his way home from his Western trip, the twelfth of his series of sermons on "The Marriage Ring." His subject was "Motherhood." The eloquent preacher took for his text, I Samuel ii. 19: "Moreover his mother made him a little coat, and brought it to him from year to year, when she came up with her husband to offer the yearly sacrifice."

The stories of Deborah and Abigail are very apt to discompose a woman's soul. She says within herself: "It is impossible that I ever can achieve any such grandeur of character, and I don't mean to try;" as though a child should refuse to play the eight notes because he cannot execute a "William Tell." This Hannah of the text differs from the persons I just now named. She was an ordinary woman, with ordinary intellectual capacity, placed in the ordinary circumstances, and yet, by extraordinary piety, standing out before all the ages to come, the model Christian mother.

Hannah was the wife of Elkanah, who was a person very much like herself—unromantic and plain, never having fought a battle or been the subject of a marvelous escape. Neither of them would have been called a genius. Just what you and I might be, that was Elkanah and Hannah.

The brightest time in all the history of that family was the birth of Samuel. Although no star ran along the heavens, announcing to his birthplace, I think that the angels of God stooped at the coming of so wonderful a prophet.

As Samuel had been given in answer to prayer, Elkanah and all his family, save Hannah, started up to Shiloh to offer sacrifice and thanksgiving. The cradle where the child slept was altar enough for Hannah's grateful heart, but when the boy was old enough she took him to Shiloh, and took three bullocks and an ephah of flour and a bottle of wine, and made offering of sacrifice unto the Lord, and there, according to a previous vow, she left him, for there he was to stay all the days of his life and minister in the temple.

Years rolled on, and every year Hannah made with her own hand a garment for Samuel and took it over to him. The lad would have got along well without it, but more fortunate than other towns the strike has not raised the price of provisions here. Speaking of provisions makes me think that the further south you go the more you have to pay for tropical fruit; bananas and oranges can be bought cheaper in Toledo than in Galveston.

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DYSPEPSIA

Causes its victims to be miserable, hopeless, confused, and depressed in mind, very irritable, languid, and drowsy. It is a disease which does not get well of itself. It requires careful, persistent attention, and a remedy to throw off the causes and tone up the digestive organs till they perform their duties willingly. Hood's Sarsaparilla has proven just the required remedy in hundreds of cases.

"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla for dyspepsia, from which I have suffered two years. I tried many other medicines, but none proved so satisfactory as Hood's Sarsaparilla." THOMAS COOK, Brush Electric Light Co., New York City.

Sick Headache

"For the past two years I have been afflicted with severe headaches and dyspepsia. I was induced to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and have found great relief. I cheerfully recommend it to all." MRS. E. F. ANNABLE, New Haven, Conn.

MRS. Mary C. Smith, Cambridgeport, Mass., was a sufferer from dyspepsia and sick headache. She took Hood's Sarsaparilla and found it the best remedy she ever used.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

you know his mother Hannah did not make it. Out from under flaming chandeliers, and off from imported carpets, and down the granite stairs there has come a great crowd of children in this day, untrained, saucy, incompetent for all practical duties of life, ready to be caught in the first whirl of crime and sensuality. Indolent and unfaithful mothers will make indolent and unfaithful children. You cannot expect neatness and order in any house where the daughters see nothing but slatternliness and up-side-down-ativeness in their parents. Let Hannah be idle and most certainly Samuel will grow up idle.

Who are the industrious men in all our occupations and professions? Who are they managing the merchandise of the world, building the walls, tinning the roofs, weaving the carpets, making the laws, governing the nations, making the earth to quake, and heave, and roar, and rattle with the tread of gigantic enterprises? Who are they? For the most part they descended from industrious mothers, who, in the old homestead, used to spin their own yarn, and weave their own carpets, and plait their own doormats, and flag their own chairs, and do their own work. The stalwart men and the influential women of this day, ninety-nine out of a hundred of them, came from such an illustrious ancestry as hand knuckles and homespun.

And who are these people in society, light as froth, blown every whither of temptation and fashion—the peddlers of filthy stories, the dancing-jacks of political parties, the scum of society, the tavern-lounging, the store-infesting, the men of low wink and filthy chuckle, and brass breastpins, and rotten associations? For the most part, they came from mothers idle and disgusting—the scandal-mongers of society, going from house to house, attending to everybody's business but their own, believing in witches and ghosts, and horseshoes to keep the devil out of the churn, and by a godless life setting their children on the very verge of hell. The mothers of Samuel Johnson, and of Alfred the Great, and of Isaac Newton, and of St. Augustine, and of Richard Cecil, and of President Edwards, for the most part, were industrious, hard-working mothers.

Now, while I congratulate all Christian mothers upon the wealth and the modern science which may afford them all kinds of help, let me say that every mother ought to be observant of her children's walk, her children's behavior, her children's food, her children's looks, her children's companionships. However much help Hannah may have, I think she ought every year, at least make one garment for Samuel. The Lord have mercy on a man who is so unfortunate as to have a lazy mother!

II. Again, Hannah stands before you as an intelligent mother. From the way in which she talked in this chapter, and from the way she managed this boy, you know she was intelligent. There are no persons in a community who need to be so wise and well-informed as mothers.

Oh! this work of culture in children for this world and the next! This child is timid, and it must be roused up and pushed out into activity. This child is forward, and he must be held back and tamed down into modesty and politeness. Rewards for one, punishment for another. That which will make George will ruin John. The rod is necessary in one case, while a frown of displeasure is more than enough in another. Whipping and a dark closet do not exhaust all the rounds of domestic discipline. There have been children who have grown up and gone to glory without ever having had their ears boxed.

Oh! how much care and intelligence are necessary in the rearing of children! But in this day, when there are so many books on the subject, no parent is excusable in being ignorant of the best mode of bringing up a child. If parents knew more of dietetics there would not be so many dyspeptic stomachs, and weak nerves, and incompetent livers among children. If parents knew more of physiology, there would not be so many curved spines, and cramped chests, and inflamed throats, and diseased lungs as there are among children. If parents knew more of and were in sympathy with what is beautiful, there would not be so many children coming out in the world with boorish proclivities. If parents knew more of Christ, and practiced more of his religion, there would not be so many little feet already starting on the wrong road, and so many children's minds and blasphemy would not come up with such ecstacy of infernal triumph.

The eaglets in the eyrie have no advantages over the eaglets of a thousand years ago; the kids have no superior way of climbing up the rocks than the old goats taught hundreds of years ago; the whelps know no more now than did the whelps of ages ago—they are taught no more by the lions of the desert; but it is a shame that in this day, when there are so many opportunities of improving ourselves in the best manner of cultivating children, that so often there is no more advancement in this respect than there has been among the kids and the eaglets and the whelps.

III.—Again, Hannah stands before you as a Christian mother. From her prayers and from the way she consecrated her boy to God, I know that she was good. A mother may have the finest culture, the most brilliant surroundings; but she is not fit for her duties unless she be a Christian mother. There may be well-read libraries in the house; and exquisite music in the parlor; and the canvas of the best artists adorning the walls; and the wardrobe be crowded with tasteful apparel; and the children be wonderful for their intellectual make, but let the silken ring with laughter and innocent mirth; but there is something woeful lacking in that house, if it be not also the residence of a Christian mother.

I bless God that there are not many praverless mothers—not many of them. The weight of responsibility is so great that they feel the need of a divine hand to help, and a divine voice to comfort, and a divine heart to sympathize. Thousands of mothers have been led into the kingdom of God by the hands of their little children. There were hundreds of mothers who would not have been Christians had it not been for the prattle of the little ones. Standing some day in the nursery they bethought themselves, "This child God has given me to raise for eternity. What is my influence upon it? Not being a Christian myself, how can I ever expect him to become a Christian, Lord help me!"

Are there anxious mothers who know nothing of the infinite help of religion? Then I commend to them Hannah, the pious mother of Samuel. Do not think it is absolutely impossible that your children come up iniquitous. Out of just such fair brows, and bright eyes, and lips, and pure, innocent hearts, crime gets its victims—extirpating purity from the heart; and rubbing out the smoothness from the brow, and quenching the luster of the eye, and shriveling up, and poisoning, and putrefying, and scathing, and scaling, and blasting and burning with shame and woe.

Every child is a human being of tremendous possibilities; and whether that child shall come forth to life, its heart attuned to the eternal harmonies, and after a life of usefulness on earth go to a life of joy in heaven; or whether across it shall jar eternal discords, and after a life of wrong doing on earth it shall go to a home of impenetrable darkness and an abyss of inmeasurable plunge, is being decided by nursery song, Sabbath lesson, and evening prayer, and walk, and ride, and look, and frown, and smile. Oh! how many children in glory, are crowding all the battlements, and lifting a million-voiced hosanna, brought to God through Christian parentage!

One hundred and twenty clergymen were together, and they were telling their experience and their ancestry; and of the 120 clergymen, how many of them, do you suppose, assigned as the means of their conversion the influence of a Christian mother? One hundred of the 120! Phillip Doddridge was brought to God by the Scripture lesson on the Dutch tiles of a chimney fire place. The mother thinks she is only rocking a child, but at the same time she may be rocking the fate of nations, rocking the glories of heaven. The same maternal power that may lift the child up may press the child down.

A daughter came to a worldly mother and said she was anxious about her sins, and she had been praying all night. The mother said: "Oh, stop praying; I don't believe in praying. Get over all these religious notions and I'll give you a dress that will cost $500, and you may wear it next week to that party." The daughter took the dress, and she moved in the gay circle, the gayest of all the gay, that night; and sure enough, all religious impressions were gone, and she stopped praying. A few months after she came to die, and in her closing moments said: "Mother, I wish you would bring me that dress that cost $500." The mother thought it a very strange request, but she brought it to please the dying child. "Now," said the daughter, "mother, hang that dress on the foot of the bed." Then the dying girl got up on one elbow and looked at her mother and then pointed to the dress and said: "Mother, that dress is the price of my soul!" Oh, what a momentous thing it is to be a mother!

IV. Again, and lastly, Hannah stands before you as the rewarded mother. For all the coats she made for Samuel, for all the prayers she offered for him, for the discipline exerted over him, she got abundant compensation in the piety, and the usefulness, and the popularity of her son Samuel; and that is true in ages. Every mother gets full pay for all the prayers and tears in commercial life; that man prominent in a profession; that master mechanic—why, every step he takes in life has an echo of gladness in the old heart that long ago taught him to be a Christian, and heroic and earnest.

The story of what you have done, or what you have written, of the influence you have exerted, has gone back to the old homestead—for there is some one always ready to carry good tidings, and that story makes the needle in the old mother's treadmill hand fly quicker, and the dull in the father's hand come down upon the barn floor with a vigorous thump. Parents love to hear good news from their children. Do you send them good news always?

Look out for the young man who speaks of his father as "the governor," "the squire," or "the old chap." Look out for the young woman who calls her mother her "maternal ancestor," or "the old woman." "The eye that mocketh at his father, and refuseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it."

God grant that all these parents may have the great satisfaction of seeing their children grow up Christians. But, oh! the pang of that mother who, after a life of street-gadding and gossip-retailing, hanging on the children the fripperies and follies of this world, sees those children tossed out on the sea of life like foam on the surface, or nonentities in a world where only bravery and stalwart character can stand the shock! But blessed be the mother who looks upon her children as sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty.

Oh! the satisfaction of Hannah in seeing Samuel serving at the altar; of mother Eunice in seeing her Timothy learned in the Scriptures. That is the mother's recompense, to see children coming up useful in the world, reclaiming the lost, healing the sick, pitying the ignorant, earnest and useful in every sphere. That throws a new light back on the old family Bible whenever she reads it, and that will be ointment to soothe the aching limbs of decrepitude and light up the closing hours of life's day with the glories of an autumnal sunset.

There she sits, the old Christian mother, ripe for heaven. Her eyesight is almost gone, but the splendor of the Celestial City kindle up her vision. The gray light of heaven's morn has struck through the gray locks which are folded back over the wrinkled temples. She stoops very much now under the burden of care she used to carry for her children. She sits at home, too old to find her way to the house of God; but while she sits there, all the past comes back, and the children that 40 years ago tripped around her arm chair with their griefs, and joys, and sorrows—those children are gone now. Some caught up into a better realm, where they shall never die, and others out in the broad world, testing the excellency of a Christian mother's discipline. Her last days are full of peace; and calmer and sweeter will her spirit become, until the gates of life shall lift and let in the wormout pilgrim into eternal springtide and youth, where the limbs never ache, and the eyes never grow dim, and the staff of the exhausted and decrepit pilgrim shall become the palm of the immortal athlete.

—Unlike other cathartics, Dr. Pierce's "Pellets" do not render the bowels costive after operation, but, on the contrary, establish a permanently healthy action. *Being entirely vegetable*, no particular care is required while using them. By druggists.

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AUBURN, Me., March 30.—A. Cushman & Co., shoe manufacturers employing 750 hands, have submitted a plan of co-operation to their employes. The services as managers of the members of the firm will be compensated by stated salaries; interest on the plant and a reasonable amount for wear and tear will be allowed and the balance of the earnings will be distributed among the men in the proportion that the labor of each contributes to the product. The employes have appointed a committee to help carry out the plan.

Publishers' Column.

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To Those Who Want a Good Machine at a Fair Price.

We are now shipping our new Sewing Machine every day, and in less than a month will be caught up with the orders that have been accumulating on our books.

We have heard from any number that have already reached purchasers and without exception they have given perfect satisfaction. The following from Mrs. Lucy C. Winkler, Haverhill, Scioto Co., Ohio, is a fair sample:

"I received your Sewing Machine all right, and like it very much. Had no trouble in running it, and it does very nice stitching."

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Understand, we claim for the BLADE that it is the best made and the handsomest sewing machine that is sold for any price under $55. It has the high arm, it is beautifully ornamented throughout, it is the simplest and best made machine on the market, and it will do the work done by any other machine.

We send with each machine a full list of attachments.

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BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

CHEAP BOOKS.

The season being nearly over, we shall soon withdraw our combination offer under the head of Books for Winter Reading, especially the books Andersonville and Nasby in Exile, because editions are nearly exhausted. We advise those of our readers desiring the two last named titles to order soon.

THE BLADE'S TEMPERANCE CARTOONS.

To Temperance Workers, Societies and Organizations.

The BLADE, months ago, conceived the idea of instructing the people in the Temperance cause by means of appeals to the eye. To the end of arousing public sentiment we have issued cartoons, for posting, which have been scattered all over the United States. Of these we have sent out gratis more than *one million*, which is our contribution to the great cause. We want every friend of temperance to aid us in giving them wide circulation.

NO. 1.

"Do You See Any Good Coming Out of It?"

This is a very forcible picture. In the center is a bottle labeled "Whiskey," though a label is unnecessary. From the mouth of the bottle issues a vapor which separates in four sections, crowning each being pictures representing Murder, Beggary, Gambling and Delirium. On one side of the bottle is a devil and on the other a bar-room loafer, with appropriate sketches illing in the corners.

It is a powerful presentation of the evils and certain results of Intemperance.

NO. 2.

"Which Way Would You Have Your Boy Go?"

A series of pictures, commencing with the face of a beautiful three-year-old, who starts in life on an equality with all other three-year-olds.

Do You Know It?

WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITE OF LIME AND SODA is a matchless Remedy for **Consumption** in every Stage of the Disease. For **Coughs, Weak Lungs, Throat Diseases, Loss of Flesh and Appetite,** and all forms of **General Debility** it is an unequaled Specific Remedy. ☞Be SURE AND GET WINCHESTER'S PREPARATION. $1 and $2 per bottle. Sold by Druggists.

WINCHESTER & CO.,
No. 18 Dey St., New York.

On the upward one comes first the clean-faced boy of 10 on his way to school; next, the young, ambitious student of 18; then the young soldier of 21; then the middle-aged, strong man of 30; and, lastly, the hale and hearty old man of 70.

The contrast is another line of pictures, viz.: The street boy, already under the influence of rum, with the stub of a cigar in his mouth at 10, the hoodlum at 18, the barroom loafing ruffian at 21, the tramp and criminal of 50, and the broken-down vagabond of 70.

There can be no more forcible presentation of the subject in pictorial form, and no cartoon can be devised that will better tell the whole story and do it at a glance.

NO. 3.

"Which Way Would You Have Your Girl Go?"

It contrasts the life of a girl who marries a sober man with one who weds a drunkard, and is quite as effective as those that have preceded it.

NO. 4.

"In Which Village Would You Bring Up Your Children?"

It is an exceedingly spirited illustration of two villages, one under Prohibition rule and the other under the control of the Rum mills. It is quite as effective as its three predecessors, and will do as much toward arousing the public sentiment upon this great question. Those who have ordered the three preceding ones should add this immediately.

NO. 5.

"This Farmer Never Drank Whisky --This One Drinks All He Can Get."

It is quite as effective as its predecessors. On the one side is a farm house looking as do all farm houses where whisky never got a hold, clean, neat and prosperous. On the other side of the sheet is a farm house whose proprietor does drink, slovenly, shiftless-looking, and wrecked as possible. The contrast is sharply drawn and the picture is a most effective one.

We have made a price on these cartoons, which barely covers the cost of paper and postage:

Three copies of either	6 cents.
Six copies	10 cents.
Twenty-five copies	30 cents.
One Hundred copies	One dollar.

This gives no profit, the price covering only cost of printing, paper and postage. We contribute wrapping-paper and labor.

We want them pasted up so that they will stay, in every shop, store, factory, and on fences where they will be seen, in every section of the United States. There must be a temperance sentiment developed, everywhere. The people need awakening. Order them—the cost is barely nothing.

Send in your orders at once, and when received post them where they will be seen. We shall follow these with others.

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We have published portraits of the three great generals of the war, Grant, Sherman and Sheridan, which are the best portraits of the heroes that have ever been put upon paper. John S. Kountz, late commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, says that our portrait of Grant is the best ever published. Sen. Sherman says that our portrait of his brother, the general, is the best and most life-like he has ever seen, and we know that the portrait of Sheridan was never excelled. We have printed these superb portraits on the finest plate paper, size 19 by 24, and will mail them to any address, postpaid, as follows:

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HOME TALKS.

COURAGE AND SERENITY.

In a poem called "Courage," the following lines occur:

Yet must we live for petty aims,
And say perfection exists nowhere?
I see but homely lands—well, what then?
The fields we grow grain with the hills are fair.
Better good dreams than evils facts,
A noble faith than ignoble deeds,
My path may not run through fruits and flowers,
Must I therefore fill my hands with weeds?

I know, I know, they must die away,
The altar-lights of the misty dawn;
We worship no more at the shrines of youth,
Their idols are broken, their splendor gone.
Yet, hoping on as best we may,
Whatever makes or whatever mars,
It can be no crime, if our feet grow tired,
Though the dust be nearest, to look at the stars.

One of the most practical sermons ever preached is contained in those few lines—compressed in a nut shell as it were, but able by its overflow to fill millions of lives with light and happiness. The one single, breathing, palpitating lesson taught is the importance of courage in every-day living—not that sort which impels to daring deeds, such as would send one to face sudden death to save a fellow being from threatened danger, but the kind that enables a person to go on day by day in some path where the heart is torn, the desires crucified, and all that is cared for most is shut away, yet maintaining a calm spirit whose outward seeming is serene and cheerful.

It is worry that kills far more than work. Most of you know by experience how easily the tasks that demand the greatest exertion are done, if the heart be singing with joy. Small cares fall away as easily as dust flies before the breath of summer, and the days chase each other into weeks so rapidly, that hardly can a question of the future arise ere it has become a thing of the past.

It is not always possible, however, to live in the sunshine of a great joy. Such come but rarely, and cannot be counted upon to make the wheels of existence run smoothly. Until the millenium arrives the world will be full of struggle. Such a pervading consciousness has this grown to be that even the old idea of heaven as a place of eternal rest is passing away, and saints are represented always as happily busy. Indeed one sometimes feels much as a bright woman quaintly expressed it: "When I'm very tired I always dread death more than at any other time, because I know that to be in the best society on the other side, I shall have to be always at work doing good.

However it may be in that other world, it is certain that in this to accomplish anything, to round the life into as near a perfect whole as can be hoped for from mortals, it is necessary to be constantly on the alert in order to keep out of the shadows and in the light. The power to do this lies largely in one's own self, for circumstances and surroundings cannot conquer the truly courageous spirit. I am not speaking now of great griefs that wring the heart, for the darkness which they bring is sometimes so dense as to wrest away all elasticity, and yet the moment will come even under such, when the will can rend the cloud, and through the rift the light will steal. Aside from such sorrows, there are none, into whose lives gnawing cares and anxieties do not come as the years pass on. In early years when the world seems so full of beautiful things to be garnered for happiness, it is easy to be bright and hopeful.

"I know, I know, they must die away,
"The altar lights of the misty dawn,"

And it is while watching this dying away, that the necessity for courage comes in order to obtain that serenity of spirit that enables one to live the truest, and therefore, as a whole, the happiest life.

Temperaments differ. Some rebound easily from discouragments. They are always hopeful, even when the ground for it seems infinitesimally small, while others look through eyes of gloom at all of their surroundings. And yet, I think this wide difference is oftener the result of individual living, than we are apt to think. It is a hard thing to watch the dying out of some darling hope, the wrecking of a cherished plan, and yet shut the wound and disappointment away from the world and go on cheerfully, but it can be done, and each one is the better and stronger for the doing, while life as a whole is far happier. For it is true that the serene spirit radiates an atmosphere that affects all who come within its limits. Faith and hope and courage are wonderfully infectious, and while appearing to possess these qualities, even if you have them not, you are helping their cultivation in others. By and by the full measure of victory will come to yourself, and living will be a pleasure of which the chronic grumbler does not dream.

The hardest thing is to keep cheerful under the little pin-pricks that come from uncongenial surroundings, the very insignificance of which adds to their power to annoy, because they cannot be wrestled with and overcome, as in the case of larger hurts. Some disagreeable habit in one to whom you may owe respect and duty, and which is a constant irritation to your sense of fitness of things, may demand of you a greater moral force to keep the spirit serene, than an absolute wrong committed against you. In the one case endurance is all that is possible; in the other, you may sometimes rightfully fight, and there is a world of comfort in the power of action.

People fret too much about trifles. Women find a sea of troubles in their housekeeping. They often put as much worry and anxiety into a loaf of bread, a pie, a cake, into the weekly washing and ironing as should suffice for much weightier matters. Suppose these things go wrong to-day. The to-morrows are coming in which to try again, and the thing is not worth clouding your own spirit and those around you, injuring yourself and them physically—for the mind affects the body—and for such a trifle. You who know how thoroughly I believe in doing everything to be done as well as it can be, will not understand what I have said to mean contentment with ill doing, but only that when a thing is beyond repair, waste no useless regrets over it and do no idle fretting. Strive for that serenity of spirit that will enable you to make the best of all things. That means contentment in its best sense. There is a kind that permits people to sit down and fold their hands, in bland disregard of their own duties and of the rights of others, if any exertion or self denial are needed. Indulged in, it grows stronger, benumbing the faculties and dwarfing the life. Those of you who have read Constance Fenimore Woolson's story of "East Angels" in *Harper's Monthly* will, perhaps, recall her most vivid description of a Florida lagoon, where the trees that met above the dark, still waters were draped with flowering plants, giving out an odor which was overpowering to any one who floated beneath them, producing a gradual stupor that would end in death. That, to me, is a fitting type of the kind of contentment which steals away all ambition, all desire for action, all thought of the possibilities every human being holds for good or ill, but is satisfied simply to exist.

Into the serenity, which, once gained, is a treasure, courage enters as a predominating element—the courage to act, or the courage to endure without action, and make no outward moan. Your daily troubles can never be lightened by complaining, nor the annoyances made to disappear. You simply either irritate or depress others, which reacts upon yourself and renders you more miserable than before. When a thing grows to be too great a burden to be borne without danger of making you a physical or mental wreck, then look around for means to throw it off, for it has become an imperative duty. The courage needed to do this may be greater than that required to bear, and often is, and that woman who can walk bravely forward confident of the righteousness of her course is to be envied, for she truly "possesses herself." In those two words, indeed, lies the secret of the true serenity that renders life a blessing.

"For hoping on as best we may,
Whatever makes or whatever mars,
It can be no crime, if our feet grow tired,
Though the dust be nearest, to look at the stars."

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Bedroom Standcover.—Get a piece of brown linen 1 yd. square. Turn the edges as if for a hem four or five inches deep. Herring bone stitch it around, then cut the edge and ravel it up to the line of work. At short intervals fasten a few threads of red worsted. Etch a pretty pattern in the corners with red. This makes a good serviceable cover thdt will go up well and wear a long time. It may be used in the sitting room with good effect.

Broom Decoration.—Get a small whisk broom, cover the tied part with plush, and then wind the long handle with gay colored ribbons, finishing at the end with bow and long ends. Fasten this up over a door.

Summer Lap Robe.—Get two shades of heavy brown flannel. Use the darker of the two for the border. Calculate it for a depth of a quarter of a yard. Cut it on the edge into scallops and then pink them around. Upon each side outline horse whips with horseshoes in the corner. Or put a large pattern of this kind in the center of the light cloth. If the border is worked, cut out of the dark cloth a large monogram and fasten it to the center of the light cloth with fancy stitches. The border is hemmed upon the center and then finished around with fancy stitches.

Send 25 cents to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O., for "Fancy Work and House Decoration," which contains a description of many pretty articles of fancy work.

Fancy Footstool.—Take seven round tin cans that you buy fruit in, all the same size. Wrap old cloth around them, and sew in the shape each side and the bottom. Fasten them all together, put a piece of old quilt or some cotton on the top. Take a paper and lay over it and cut all around it. That will make it in six scollops. Cut out cover for the top by your paper pattern and cut a piece of the cretonne the width of the cans and sew it around the scollops. Then and put it over them. Sew on and cut a piece for the bottom same way and hem it on. I have one made and every one admires it.—FRANCES.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit p, purl or seam p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crochet Abbreviations—ch, chain; s, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; trebles; sh c, short crochet

Knitted Lace Collar.—Cast on 28 stitches. 1st row—k 3—n—k 2—o—k 1—o—n—o—n—o k 2-n-k 4-n-k 2—o—k 1—o—n—o—k 1. 2d row, and every alternate row, purled. 3d row—k 2—n—k 2-o-k 3—o—n—o—n—o—k 2—n—k 2—n—k 2—o—k 3—o—n—o—k 1. 5th row—k 1—n—k 2—o—k 5—o—n—o n—c—k 2—n twice—k 2—o—k 5—o—n—o k 1. 7th row—k 6—n—k 2—o—k 5—o—n—o—k 1—o—k 2—n—k 2—n—k 1—n—k 2—o—n—o—n. 9th row—k 5—n—k 2 o—n—o—n—o—k 3—o—k 2—n—k 2—n—k 2—o—n—o—n. 11th row—k 4—n—k 2—o—n—o—n—o—k 5—c—k 2—n twice—k 2—o—n—o—n. Repeat from 1st row.—DORCAS.

Crocheted Lace.—Make a chain of seven stitches, turn, and put * 3 dc's in second stitch, ch 1 and put 3 more dc's in same stitch, fasten down with a slip stitch, ch 3 and put 3 dc's in 4th ch, ch 1 and put 3 more dc's in same; fasten down with a slip stitch, ch 3 and go in shell and proceed as before, ch 5 and repeat; then ch 3 and put 3 dc's in loop, ch 3, turn, ch 3 and put 3 dc's in the loop, ch 3 and go in shell and repeat from *. So keep on increasing the loop every other row in the point, until you have five loops, then commence next point. The edge is put on after you have as much as you want. Edge; put one sc in first loop of point down at shells, then make 7 dc's in next loop, and a picot of 3 ch stitches and run the needle through the first stitch of chain and top of dc and draw the thread through; put 1 sc in next loop, and a picot on top, and a picot on top of each stitch as you go. In the next loop put 7 more dc's and fasten on top of one of the 3 dc's, and go into next loop 7 times; this makes the point, and make the other side just like it. To be knit with Saxony.—A. C. M.

Correspondence.

SHE GIVES THE OTHER SIDE.—I read, with interest, a while ago, an article in the HOUSEHOLD signed "W. H. S. W.," and I fully appreciate the exquisite sarcasm contained therein. However, if I may be allowed a word in behalf of our sex, that we are not anxious to form "lightweight" in any of the political parties of the day; for it is our humble opinion that there is a superabundance of material in the masculine element of society that can be of use in no other capacity, to fill any and all vacancies that may occur under that heading. And furthermore we know that nine-tenths of the men, filling positions in the various branches of employment, suitable to be filled by a woman, are not fit for a lady to associate with, and I am sorry for it.

I found much to think of in "W. H. S. W.'s" remarks and have asked myself "Who is to blame for the present condition of affairs?" and how best can a woman need with a more useful and honorable position than that of the wife of an honorable, upright man, but where are we to find such men? They are as rare as diamonds of the first water and I can say for myself, I would as soon think of marrying one of the wooden dummies found in the clothier's store as to marry one of those brainless objects that might be designated as "a walking cigar-holder" or "an animated fashion plate," a creature who imagines that because he has risen to the dignity of a moustache he is perfectly irresistible to the ladies. I think I hear a voice saying I am exaggerating. Now, I ask you why in the name of common sense, if you think we do possess sense don't you talk to us in a sensible manner? Again and again have I turned away in disgust in the same evening after listening to the same senseless, slangy speeches, and the same flat compliments, just as if the only thing a woman cared to listen to was some silly praise of herself, which, in nine cases out of ten, she knows is false as well as you do. And when once in awhile a woman does venture an opinion of her own, she is called strong-minded and unfeminine, and is regarded in about the same manner that an infernal machine, liable to go off any minute, would be. And if said strong-minded woman objects to becoming the property of one of the beforementioned creatures, who pass themselves off for men, she is apt to have a chance to earn her own living—for of course waiting upon a husband and attending to the buttons and other wants of a family of a dozen, more or less, is not to be counted in that line—and she is apt to find it rather uphill work, for being a woman and classed with idiots, it is presumption for her to imagine for one minute that even when she does the same work, she is entitled to the same equivalent that one of the "lords of creation are. I once heard the occupant of an overcoat say of a woman when she began to talk she never knew enough to stop. But I know one who does, so that was a mistake.—MAY SNOW.

"THAT BLACK EYE"—That the "Sanford correspondent" in the BLADE of Jan. 28, gave to Florida, belongs to a tropical beauty, and flashes with scorn at her defamers, but softens with tender sympathy for the sorrowful woman who has suffered from the "unprecedented cold wave," but she is not alone, as shown by reports from all sections of the West, Northwest, Central, Southern and Southwestern states. Some of her fruits were frozen—but that is only her "vesture wounded"—while "fruit trees" are destroyed, wheat fields laid waste, stock frozen out of dying from hunger; and, greatest of all calamities, people perishing, through all that vast territory. Our orange trees are budding, and while the crop may be smaller than usual for the ensuing year, we have reason to hope for a plentiful harvest. We have not suffered a calamity, but hope we have received a valuable lesson. We will cultivate a greater variety of fruits, nut-bearing trees, etc., and when next "unprecedented" strikes us it cannot hit us so hard.

In the meantime let us remember that God gave one Paradise to man, of which we all know the result, and while we do not expect another on this beautiful earth, we can come as near it in Florida as anywhere, and a state that can lose $50,000,000 in oranges alone, after more than half of her crop had been shipped, is a safe place to take refuge in from the storm-swept regions farther north.

We are afflicted with aimless, whining grumblers sometimes, but they grumble and whine wherever they are, and we don't listen to them long.

The active, energetic, good citizen can be as successful and happy here as anywhere, and to all such we send a cordial invitation to come and help develop our beautiful Gulf coast and join with us in singing, "Florida forever."—L. A. BENNETT, Crystal River, Fla.

PRUDENCE PLUM'S LETTER TO HER SISTER. Sister Polly: You can't imagine how surprised I was on receiving a letter from you. If my memory serves me right this is the first you have written to me since you were married, 20 years ago, and we are both old women now; and I don't suppose you would have written now if you hadn't wanted help.

Of course I am sorry your husband has died and left you destitute. I supposed he had risen to some high position, and that you were independent of your old maid sister. You say he had extravagant habits and never saved anything. I believe you were warned of those "extravagant habits" before you married him; and you were not the most economical person in the world yourself.

You say you have two daughters, 17 and 19 years of age; they want to go to college and you hope that I, in memory of days past when we were girls together, will help them to obtain an education.

Yes, Polly, I remember those "days past" I assure you; how you snubbed and slighted me if we chanced to be in company together, or when your city beau came to see you; how you poked fun at and abused me because I insisted on milking my cow and raising vegetables, doing the work myself, supporting myself, instead of depending on father. I had pride and feelings then if my hands were rough and my face sunburnt; and your taunts hurt me more than your light nature could realize.

You sold the cow Uncle Job gave you, to buy you a silk dress to get married in, for you must have a nice dress to match the stylish suit of your beau, and he was only a poor clerk, his clothes being his only wealth. I kept the cow uncle gave me, and that same summer, with my butter and vegetables, managed to get a few chickens, ducks and turkeys, and commenced poultry raising, when you thought I had disgraced you past forgiveness and refused to know me after. It would never do for your fashionable friends to know that your sister cleaned chicken coops, milked cows and picked ducks and geese. But, Polly, I got along without you, although you might have made my life less lonely and saved many bitter thoughts, though I always tried to think kindly of you. Now I don't have to hoe the garden, milk cows, nor clean chicken coops, and I dare say my hands are as white and delicate as yours. And you want me to educate your girls for the sake of old times. What do you want them to learn, Polly? A little music, much and little Latin, a smattering of accomplishments so they can appear well in society and catch a stylish husband as you did? or do you want them to get a good practical education so that they can take care of themselves without drudging for a mere pittance as you say you are now doing?

Their names are Minnie and Claudia. Foolish, frivolous names! but I suppose they're not to blame, they didn't name themselves. Sounds just like your nonsense! But I hope if they do learn anything, a part of it will be, not to be ashamed of their real names. Though I shouldn't blame them much if they were, as you were or yours. You were named Polly, after a dear old grandmother, and I am sure if she had ever dreamed that you would ever be ashamed of it she would never have allowed it to be borne by you. First you toned it down to Mary, and at last it dwindled to May. I am sincerely glad that the good old lady did not live to know that she had a grandchild who was ashamed of the name that had always been spoken in tones of love and respect.

But you signed your name "Polly" in your letter. Did you think to touch the old maid's heart by using that satated name or have you seen your folly and wish to appear as you are, and teach your girls to do the same? I hope it is the latter, and that you have ceased to be ashamed of any one that worked for a living, or of your still affectionate sister—PRUDENCE PLUM.

P. S.—I send you a check for $500, my last week's egg money, not in memory of old times, but that your girls may learn to be independent and avoid their mother's folly; and when that is gone, if they have learned anything sensible and useful—and I shall find a way of knowing what they are doing—you can call on me for more.—P. P.

UP IN THE MOUNTAINS.—If those who think they have a lonesome life will listen, I will tell them how we live, here among the Rocky mountains. We have had a long dreary winter, ground been covered with snow, since the middle of December and this is March 9, the snow six or seven inches deep. Seems like spring will never come to Valley Infinity settled, we cannot see but one house, that is a mile away. Sage brush grows on all the land, but it can be easily cut down; the land is very good, raises all kinds of vegetables and grain. Our houses are made of logs, some have board floors, but most of them, have dirt floor and roofs, cloth windows and doors; two rooms are a rarity; our house is built of unhewn logs, being built in the winter and too much hurried to hew them. We get our mail once a week. We take the BLADE; it is over a week old when it reaches us, but none the less interesting. Are 45 miles from Grand Junction. When the men go to town, we women stay alone; it takes five to six days to make a trip. We have some things to complain of, but a good many to be thankful for. We are trying to make a home, have been here over a year and seems real homey already, have good health, good crops, by irrigating.—MOUNTAINEER.

Inquiries.

Will some one tell me how to plant and cultivate peanuts? or, tell me where I can obtain the necessary information?—D. L. B.

Will some of the readers of the HOUSEHOLD please tell me how to make a chair-tidy, cheap and pretty?—ANNIE BUNDY.

Will some member of the HOUSEHOLD please send pattern for lady's crocheted sacque? Would like it rather tight-fitting. M. B. M.

Will some one of the HOUSEHOLD kindly tell me how to paint a plaque, also what it is made of? Please give the address of a girls' school where cooking, dress-making, etc., is taught beside the regular studies?—HAIDEE.

Can any of the readers of our HOUSEHOLD living in the Western states or territories tell me of of a good location for a music teacher? Have had considerable to do with once in teaching music, and could have employment here, but my health demands a change of climate, which I cannot afford to take unless I can get employment to pay my way.—MUSIC TEACHER.

Will the sister of the BLADE pleas tell again how often to use the carbolic acid for bunions?—A SUFFERER.

I would like to ask the HOUSEHOLD members if any of them can tell of anything that will cure chickens' frozen feet?—E. S. L.

If the sister will tell me which kind of cezema she has, I can give her a remedy for it, but there are several kinds, and they are differently managed. Will some of the kind HOUSEHOLDers tell me how to make egg food to keep hens healthy and laying? What a young frind must use to get rid of those ugly black heads on her face?—AUNT EMMA.

Will some who has made an afghan please tell me how many pounds of Germantown it will take, also what colors will look the best for one?—NEW READER.

Does any reader of the BLADE want a boy to raise? He is four years old, has neither home nor mother. Address, MR. E. V. BLACK, Scotch Ridge, Wood county, Ohio.

Will some reader of the BLADE please give me a recipe for making soap with concentrated lye?—SUBSCIBER.

Will you please have inserted in the BLADE a nice crochet pattern for an infant's sacque out of Saxony yarn?—CONSTANT READER.

Will some of the HOUSEHOLD give a recipe for coloring woolen goods?—P. S.

Can any reader of the BLADE tell me where I can get instructions for making Holton lace, or any lace in which fancy braids are used?—A READER.

Will some one of the HOUSEHOLD please tell me how to take care of tuberoses? When and how to plant in the spring, and how they are to be kept through the winter?—MRS. P. A. HOUGH.

Will some one please send directions to the BLADE how to crochet a collar of pretty design, and what amount of knitting silk will it take for one of medium size?—KANS.

Answers to Inquiries.

Please inform through the BLADE the proper address of the editor of HOUSEHOLD, whether Emily Bouton, Toledo, O., or simply Editor HOUSEHOLD Department, TOLEDO BLADE, Ohio?

A letter addressed in either way will reach her. If, however, it is a private note it should have her name upon the envelope in order to come to her directly.—ED.

Can the editor or any of the readers of the *Blade* give me a history of "Beatrice," a beautiful picture that is seen on so many walls?—VIE SHORTER.

It is said to be the portrait of a beautiful Roman girl who was born somewhere about 1583, and was executed in 1599, when only 16 years old, for connivance in the murder of her father, a nobleman of great wealth and high position in Rome, but who—in palliation of the crime of Beatrice—was a brute and deserved killing if what was said of him be true. Be that as it may, the young girl, executed by the order of the Pope, displayed the most heroic courage, and had the sympathy of the people. Her full name was Beatrice Cenci.—ED.

"Queen," I think you are right for the reason that the adjectives 22 and 10 are cardinal numerals, *i. e.*, they express number and order definitely, which is what we want. If we use the ordinal numerals, twenty-second and tenth, which mark the position of an object in a series, we should say "twenty-second page and tenth lesson." The reason I prefer the former is, it conveys the idea we wish. Reason for a moment. If asked the number of a book, would you say tenth? No. Then why call the lesson No. tenth?—FLOY, Olden, Mo.

"Poultry Raiser"—For one gallon of hop yeast, take a large handful of hops, put them in a sack, boil them with six large potatoes for one hour; have ready a jar, with a small cupful of sugar, 1-2 cupful of salt, and one tablespoonful each of ginger and flour. Mash your potatoes, and if the water has boiled away add enough to make a a gallon; then pour into the jar. Let set until nearly cold, then add 1 cupful of good strong yeast or one cake of dried yeast, soaked. Let set in a warm place 35 hours; then jug and cork tight.—H. C.

1. Will the editor please answer which is the oldest city or town in the world? 2. Is Egypt a town? 3. Can Achania be raised from slips, if so how started?—M. D.

1. Damascus. 2. It is a country. 3. Achania is propagated by cuttings. Perhaps some HOUSEHOLD member who has raised them will write of it for the benef it of the inquirer and of others who may want to know.—ED.

If a lady and gentleman meet on the street, is it generally considered a breach of etiquette if the lady bowes first?

It is the proper thing for her to do, and a gentleman, unless most familiarly acquainted, always waits for her to bow, ere he ventures to do so.—ED.

If "Osilla" will shake her lace curtains free from dust, spread each piece on a sheet and fill full of fine wheat flour, rolling up nice, lay them away for a week or two, then shake thoroughly, I think she will be pleased with the result. I know it will clean soiled white woolen goods, and do not see why it would not cleanse curtains. Do not spare the flour. Some take the article and wash it in flour as you would in water. Be careful to put your curtains where the mice cannot get them. —AN OLD READER.

I saw in the BLADE of March 8 the inquiry of "M. M.," Seward, Neb., as to how to remove moles from the face. The best way I know of is to clip them off close to the skin with a sharp shears. It will hurt no more than the prick of a pin, and as soon as the blood stops, apply a healing plaster and leave it on until well, which will be in a few days, and no scar will be seen. I removed one so for myself when 70 years old, and wonder doctors do not volunteer to remove them more frequently. They lie only skin deep.—L. WINNE.

Please tell F. A. Dean, of Corry, Pa., that the hens have "scaly leg," and it is caused by a small insect getting under the scales of the leg, multiplying and piling upon each other until the hen can scarcely walk. It is very unsightly, and is claimed to be contagious. The insect can only be seen by the aid of a microscope. Treatment: Wash the legs thoroughly with warm water and soft soap till the scales become soft. Put the hen back on the perch until the legs become perfectly dry, then anoint with a mixture of lard and sulphur. Two applications will cure the worst case. —W. H. ROSE, Bascombel, Wis.

Recipes.

Cream Cookies.—1 1-2 cupfuls of thick sour cream, 1 1-2 cupfuls of white sugar, 1 egg, 1 teaspoonful each of salt, saleratus and caraway seed. Mix and roll a little thicker than usual for cookies.—ELLA.

To Pickle Eggs.—Hard boil as many eggs as will fill such a jar as you wish to keep them in. When cold remove the shell and fill the jar, laying them closely. Then having made some of the spiced vinegar, which use scalding hot, being sure to cover the eggs with it, and seal up the jar for a month, when they will be fit for use. Should they, at any time, after being opened, appear to be "flat," or not sufficiently sharp, renew the vinegar—spiced vinegar—or best common vinegar with pepper-corns, allspice, cloves, and a few pieces of cinnamon, all unground, and scalded in it will do very well. A few pieces of broken ginger root may also be used if desired, and if you do not get out sufficient of the flavor of the spices in the scalding, put some of each into the jar, which will give the desired strength.—MRS. E. J. G.

Whooping Cough.—Mix one lemon sliced, half pint of flax seed, two ounces of honey, and one quart of water; simmer, not boil, four hours; strain when cool and if there is less than a pint of the mixture add water. Dose, one tablespoonful four times a day and one also after each severe fit of coughing.—SURE CURE.

Keep a stalk of parsley growing with other house plants or in a sunny window. A sprig from it now and then will be found very convenient for seasoning soups and gravies.—P. H.

Mold in White Fabrics.—A laundry expert gives the following methods for removing iron mold from white fabrics, but on no account are they to be applied to colored materials: Dissolve in a gill of boiling water one ounce of cream of tartar and one ounce of oxalic acid. Bottle the mixture and keep for use. The rust stain is to be moistened with the mixture, and after a short time it will disappear. Then rinse the article well in clear water. The following method is quicker but requires more care: Warm a little muriatic acid in a basin and dip the stained part in it; the rust will instantly disappear, as the acid dissolves the oxide. The fabric must be immediately washed in warm water that it be not injured by the acid. This method will also remove ink spots.—K.

Liver Complaint.—I wish to give the readers of the BLADE a recipe and sure cure for liver complaint, and hope any one so affected will try it. It has been thoroughly tested here, and wrought cures where doctors failed. Take 5 to 10 drops of nitric acid, or aquafortis it is generally called, in a glass of water 3 or 4 times a day. Sweeten if you like. Do not be afraid of it; it will not hurt you, but will be likely to cure you. You make take it in a milder form if you wish, say 3 or 4 drops whenever you are thirsty. It is a very pleasant beverage, much like lemonade.

Hermits.—3 eggs, 1 1-2 cupfuls of brown sugar, 1 cupful of butter, 1 cupful of chopped raisins, 2 tablespoonfuls of different kinds of spices, flour enough to roll; cut like cookies.—M.

Pop-corn Balls with Sugar.—1 teacup of sugar and 1-3 of a teacup of water. Boil about fifteen minutes or until it will be hard enough for candy, have the corn popped and all the hard kernals picked out. Then pour the sugar over the corn and stir well and form the balls before they harden. —MRS. C. C.

A Sure Cure for a Felon.—Rub briskly with the thumb and finger the one that is affected, for a few minutes, and the pain will leave almost instantly. This operation must be performed as soon as the felon is discovered, in order to insure a cure. I have taken hold of hands to rub the finger when the person would scream with pain, and in less than two minutes no pain was felt. The remedy is very simple, but one that is sure to cure it taken in time. I have never known of one single case to fail. I hope your readers who have occasion to use this recipe will report through the BLADE their experience.—J. B. B.

To cure cankered sore throat.—Dissolve chloride of potash in hot water, as much as will dissolve, and gargle in throat. I have never known it to fail and it is simple.—J. J. BISHOP.

Food.—A good complexion never goes with a bad diet. Strong coffee, hot bread and butter, heated grease, highly spiced soups, meats or game, hot drinks, alcoholic liquors, fat meats, are all damaging to its beauty. Strong tea used daily will, after a time give the skin the color and appearance of leather. Coffee affects the skin less but the nerves more and a healthful nervous system is necessary to beautiful complexion. Late suppers, over-eating at meals, eating between meals, the use of candies, sweetmeats, preserves, etc., produce pimples and blotches.—P. H.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hand by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 749 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

A sort of clothes pin has been invented which makes artificial dimples after one application.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

WASHINGTON CO., PA.	HAMILTON, ILL.	GRELTON, O.
Frank McEwan,	Chas O Crawford,	Josephine Marks,
Mary McEwan,	Chas A Johnston,	Percy Marks,
WADESBURG, MO.	E D Arnold,	Mabel Marks,
Pearl Forsyth,	Jas E Hull,	Nettie Marks,
Minnie Stewart,	Chas W Hull,	May Ward,
Mabel Stewart,	Fred B Hull,	James F Ward,
Jessie Stewart,	Hattie E Hull,	Alta Hollopeter,
Mary Jones,	Geo K Ames,	HattieHollopeter
Minnie Jones,	Charley W Ames,	Clara Howe,
CANYON FERRY, MON	Nellie F Ames,	Ida Singlis,
Ellen E Golcan,	Annie B Ames,	Elmer Singlis,
MANSFIELD, MO.	Goar Johnson,	Amy Mahler,
Alice Nichols,	Chas P Johnson,	Presley Mahler,
Myrta Nichols,	Martin E Johnson,	Lizzie Hester,
Birdie Gorman,	Gale H Cuerden,	Stella Hester,
Sophia Headley,	Harry H Cuerden,	Daza Boulton,
Mary Bell,	Willie A Wallace,	Sadie Rex,
Marion Bell,	Frank Keys,	Cora Rex,
Amelia King,	Robert W Keys,	Owan Rex,
Cora Burch,	Hattie Bierens,	Jessie France,
Stephen Burch,	Willie Stoddard,	Presley France,
Maggie Ripper,	Cora Crawford,	Chas France,
Minnie Hoover,	Gracie Wallace,	Wm Palmer,
India Ridgeway,	Harriet F Fry,	Johnny Clouse,
Grace Seaward,	Chris Wigtiander,	Arnold Hoge, W. T.
Fred Seaward,	Maggie M Blevins,	A M Hunt,
Nelly C Seaward,	Edith Crawford,	Floyd M Hunt,
ATCHISON, KAN.	Addie McCain.	Arda R Hunt,
Estella Bugbee,	GRURTON, ALA.	Willie S Fleming,
Grace Bugbee,	Sallie Gray,	Edward L Allen,
ATHICA, IND.	HUMBOLT, KAN.	Albert Atkinson,
Albert Jennings,	Geo E Chapman,	Byron Atkinson,
Ella Jennings,	Lizzie T Pino.	Amy Haines,
RESCUE, NEB.	WEST ONDONTA, N. Y.	Albert Seeley,
E Nicholson,	Sophia Day,	NO PLACE GIVEN.
Will Nicholson,	Bobbie Fisk,	Gertie Fish,
M C Nicholson,	Harry Cook,	Rhoe Fish,
F E Nicholson,	G E White, Jr,	Minnie Mix,
IRVING, KAN.	Cora Horton,	CharleySimpson,
May E Lane,	Willie Perry,	Albert Horn,
Carrie B Lane,	PLEASANT GROVE, MIN.	Frank Pore,
Maude Clemens'h,	Ida M Mills,	C F Stevens,
Emma Pitman,	Alta M B Gall,	C M Stevens,
Lizzie Pitman,	Mary E Gall,	Ally Parks,
Hattie Hewitt,	Earl S Nevins,	Ollie Parks,
Maud Bogart,	Lulu P Nevins,	Vira Flathers,
Birt Bogart,	Chas G Denney,	Ada Symmonds,
Jennie Kelly,	Ivan D Denney,	A A Ayshford,
Kitty Bingham,	Edwin Denney,	Ella Hart,
Kin Emming ham,	May D. nney,	Elvie Ayshford,
C Emmingham,	Clara Denney,	Orvin Paise,
C Emmingham,	Grace Lynch,	Ora Overend,
Ida M Mills,	Ida Divan,	Edwards Hart,
Alta M B Gall,	Arthur Brown,	Martha Parks,
Mary E Gall,	John Brown,	Mattie Overend,
Earl S Nevins,	Arthur Brown,	Wm Wachtler,
Lulu P Nevins,	Ella Brown,	Alvin Yates,
Chas G Denney,	Luther Brown,	Geo Peck,
Ivan D Denney,	Geo Coryell,	Ezra brown,
Edwin Denney,	Ezra brown,	Vacil Brown,
May D. nney,	Wm brown.	Wm brown.
Clara Denney,	CAYO, WIS.	H A Work,
Grace Lynch,	Lam E Sipes,	J M Work,
Ida Divan,	Addie Brown,	ANDOVER, O.
Arthur Brown,	Daniel M Tree,	Arthur Bloss.

Names this week, 230. Total, 6,401.

SOME GIRLS' NAMES.

Frances, "unrestrained and free;"
Bertha, "pellucid, purely bright;"
Clara, "clear" as the crystal sea;
Lucy, the star of the radiant "light;"
Catherine, is "pure" as the mountain air;
Barbara, is "like a lily fair;"
Henrietta, a soft sweet "star."

Felicia is a "happy girl;"
"Matilda is a "lady true;"
Margaret is a shining "pearl;"
Rebecca, "with a faithful few;"
Susan, is a "lily white;"
Jane, has the "willows's" curve and grace;
Cecilia, dear, "is dim of sight;"
Sophia, shows "wisdom on her face."

Constance, is firm and "resolute;"
Grace, a delicious "favor meet;"
Charlotte, "noble, of good repute;"
Harriet, a fine "odor sweet;"
Isabella is "lady rare;"
Lucinda, "constant as the day;"
Maria means "a lofty fair;"
Abigail "joyful" as the May;
Elizabeth, "an oath of trust;"
Adelina, "nice piroess, proud;"
Agatha, "is truly good and just;"
Lelia, "a joy by love avowed."

Jemima, "a soft sound in air;"
Caroline, "a sweet spirit hails;"
Cornelia, "harmonious and fair;"
Selina, "a sweet nightingale;"
Lydia, "a refreshing well;"
Judith, "a song of sacred praise;"
Julia, "a jewel more excelling;"
Priscilla, "ancient of days."

OUR SCHOOL EXHIBITION.

BY J. L. HOLBON.

"My man allows to camp over yander near that little branch for a spell. We may stay round two days if he kin git work. So I thought I'd fetch my boy an' girl over to your school.

"They aint very fer along in their book's 'cause they've never had no show. We've lived a heap in wagons the last three or four year. Aint never stayed long in one place. We come from Missoury, an' have been all over Kansas, an' down in Colorado an' back, an' here we are in Nebrasky, poorer 'n we was the day we started; though we was bad enough off then. Oh well! They say it's a long lane that aint no turnin." I hope they'll be a turn in ourn soon; I'm awful tired o' this way o' doin'."

The speaker gave a deep sigh, and leaned her head wearily against the wall of the little brick school-house, in the door of which I stood, one cloudy, damp morning in October.

She was a small, delicate woman. Her dress was of faded calico, and she had a very large green sun-bonnet on her head.

By her side stood a timid little boy about twelve years of age, and a girl ten, who seemed to be trying to hide behind her mother's faded skirts.

Both children were bare-footed, while the mother's shoes were old and ragged. It seemed to me that I had never seen three more forlorn and pitiful-looking objects. I wondered if the sad-faced children had ever smiled in all their lives.

"It's been awful hard times with us," the woman resumed. "My man's been sick so much, an' then our ager, or fire rheumatiz, one or t'other all the time. That's why the children aint better fixed now to come to school. If I can git washin' or rough work to do in the town, I'll git 'em shoes right away. The mornings are right frosty now."

My school-house was in Western Nebraska, and was the first one built in that county. That was ten years ago. That part of Nebraska is not very thickly settled now, and it was almost a wilderness then.

The best houses were of rough lumber, while many people lived in small adobe buildings, little better than huts. Some families lived all summer in wagons, tents, or dug-outs.

We all led a very dull life indeed. The nearest railroad was miles away. A stage-coach passed the school-house once a week, and that was the liveliest day of all the seven for the children. They would watch it until it was a mere speck on the gray plains.

A man came along once with a little white brick clog and a magic lantern, and gave an exhibition in my school-house. The memory of that delightful evening was long cherished.

The names of my new pupils were Dan and Agnes. I gave the boy a seat on one side of the room, and Agnes a low bench on the other, and I noticed that they kept glancing timidly at each other all the morning. When the recess hour came

The Farm.

Information Wanted.

DISHORNING.—Please give through your valuable paper the mode of dishorning calves. Also cattle.—ROXIE, Chester, Iowa.

Dishorning, as practiced in Ireland, consists in sawing off the horns close to the head with a fine saw. Cattle of all ages are thus treated. This saw is used in cutting through the horn as well as "pith," the latter of which is an exceedingly sensitive part of the body. It is said 60,000 cattle are dishorned yearly in Ireland. To prevent growth of the horns in calves, the nascent horn is touched with a very hot iron, or the "button" is cut off with a strong, keen knife. The opinion of Chief Justice Morris, of Ireland, was that dishorning is not to be considered illegal if skillfully performed, but it is frequently done most cruelly. It was claimed that the suppression of the practice would involve a loss of between £200,000 and £300,000 to the country.—ED.

SLOBBERS.—Can any one tell me what is the matter of my mule. Whenever she is standing still, or just after she drinks, she keeps her lip moving, and white slobbers run from her mouth. She does not eat any clover; has done so for two years.—GENE WOLF, Shawnee Mound, Mo. Examine her teeth. They are no doubt decayed or worn off sharp. Remember that animals are subject to toothache the same as man.—ED.

PEAS.—By an oversight in answer to a correspondent the number of peas that could be raised to an acre was made to read 125 to 150 bushels. It should have read 90 to 100 bushels.—ED.

HAS SOMETHING.—Now, sir, I have something. Can quince be grafted on apple tree, and now, also, when is the best time to do it?—J. H. ROBERTS, South Bend, Ind. Quinces grafted on apple trees do not do well, and eventually die out. We could not recommend losing time in this direction.—ED.

GARGET.—Will some obliging reader of the BLADE—one that knows—inform me as to wheteer there is any cure for a cow that gives bloody milk? I have a nice little cow, and she has been giving bloody milk for some time. The blood will rise on the top and settle at the bottom. I never saw it raise to the top before. If there is a remedy please inform me soon and oblige.—MRS. S. Your cow is troubled with garget. To cure it, dissolve half a pound of salts in a quart of water, add a teacupful of molasses, and give before it gets cold. When this has acted, give two ounces of saltpetre in the drink water morning and night every other day for a week. Feed only such food as does not produce milk. Give no great amount of water. Rub the whole of the udder with gentle friction with this: Powdered camphor, half an ounce; extract of belladona and lard, of each, two ounces.—ED.

ALSIKE CLOVER.—Will the editor or some agricultural reader of the BLADE please give, through its columns, some information with regard to Alsike clover? Is it adapted to the climate of Central Iowa, and when should it be sown?—NEW SUBSCRIBER, Greenfield, Iowa. The claim is made that Alsike is a superior hybrid clover. It is strong, fibrous, roots take a strong hold in the ground, and thus do not wash out. It is considered valuable for both pasturage and soiling. It is quite productive, sweet and fragrant. The flowers are a distict light pink and much liked by bees. Sow in spring or fall. Will do well in your vicinity. Sow six pounds per acre. Costs per pound 35 cents; 25 or more pounds, 30 cents. Any seed man should be able to furnish it.—ED.

BUCKWHEAT.—Please tell me through your very valuable paper the best time to sow buckwheat, and what kind and how much per acre and the probable yield.—B. A. COLEMAN, Arthur, Ind.—Buckwheat may be sown any time in July, but not before the 20th, to avoid risk from early frosts in autumn. The silver hull buckwheat is protected by many farmers. It continues in bloom longer than the common buckwheat —therefore better for bees—and matures a little earlier. Said to yield nearly double the quantity to the acre to that of the common kind. The flour is whiter and more nutritious. It has thinner husks and 15 to 20 per cent. waste is saved in grinding on this account. Costs about $2 per bushel. Two pecks to the acre is an average quantity of seed. The yield depends upon the soil.—ED.

LAMPAS.—Will you please tell me what will cure a horse that has—what is called—"Lampers"? What causes it, and how does it come on or leave it? Does it affect the teeth? and what makes him rub as he does?—D. W. G., Concord Church, W. Va. Lampas occur in young horses while shedding their teeth, and sometimes in older ones from over feeding. The term is used to designate a fullness or swelling of the bars or roof of the mouth. The horse rubs because the bars of the mouth are inflamed and hurt, the same as when a baby is cutting teeth. As a rule the swelling will subside if the bars are simply lanced with the sharp point of a pen knife and washed with a solution of alum in water twice a day. Feed only such food as will not irritate. Nothing in the way of hay, corn or oats should be given. Give bran mashes, and if to be had, a small quantity of new grass. For obstinate cases, see reply to another reader in this issue, in the BLADE Farm.—ED.

IS IT SPAVIN?—Will some of the BLADE Farm please tell me what will cure my mare? She is lame in one of her hind legs. It was done by rearing and playing last fall. The soreness or fever seems to be inside of one of the hind legs at the knee. It swells some by standing, but when used it goes down. If it is occult spavin, will some of the readers of the BLADE tell me what to do for it?—A SUBSCRIBER, Connellsville, Ohio.—You should have attended to the injury as soon as noticed. Spavin results from a sprain, jar, or blow upon the hock joint. Your horse may not as yet be in a spavined condition, yet the probability is that he is. Try this liniment; it may bring him around if not too badly injured. Aqua ammonia, one ounce; tincture of arnica, one ounce; tincture of opium, one ounce; oil of turpentine, one ounce; alcohol, one ounce; water, one pint. Mix, and rub well in two or three times a day. If this will not answer, follow directions for treatment of spavin given in another place in the columns of this week's BLADE Farm department.—ED.

ENGLISH DRAFT.—There is a person here owns a horse which he calls three-fourths "English Draft." Is there such a breed of horses?—JAMES CUMMINGS, Millbrook, Kansas.—Horses are imported from England known as the English shire draft horse. It is claimed for them that they are a superior draft horse. These horses have been bred up to a point where they are now sought after, but not so much as the Clydesdale or Norman horse. The English shire draft horse is said to be growing in favor. —ED.

HURT OR A FENCE STAKE.—To the editor, or some one that knows what to do for him: I have a blind horse that snagged himself in October under the left jaw, about half way between the swallow and lower lip, on the end of a fence stake, breaking off some of the wood in the wound, which took out at the time—all I could feel with my fingers. It healed up rapidly on the outside, but kept on running profusely a thick matter, very offensive smelling, though the hole left is not healed and is not larger than a pea. It still runs badly. He looks and eats well, but is a little hidebound. The discharges are dry, and he doesn't appear to have any fever. What can I do to effect a speedy cure, so that I can have the use of him to put in a crop? Will it hurt to work him some now?—L. W. PARSELL, Iola, Ill. The wound should be at once probed. There may be a splint that causes irritation. If there is a splint in the wound it will not heal. To get the horse in proper condition give in gruel castor oil, two ounces; linseed oil, eight ounces. A warm poultice might bring the splint, if there is one, to the surface. If this will not answer, the opening should be widened and a thorough examination made. After the wound has been examined it may be injected with zinc and water, two ounces of the former and one quart of the latter. If you have a veterinary near by, it would be well for you to have him examine your horse.—ED.

SUCKING COWS.—I saw two inquiries in the BLADE how to stop cows from sucking themselves. I have a cow that I raised from a calf. I noticed when she was 3 years old she would suck herself. I tried all of the remedies that I could imagine or hear of, but to no effect. A neighbor of mine said that if I would slit her tongue about four inches, it would break her. I did so, and it did break her without doing her any harm. I tied her bran mashes for two or three days, but she ate grass all the time. She is now 8 years old, and since October 2 she has made 220 pounds of butter. I think this is a proof that it has not injured her in the least for milk or butter.—B. E. RUST, Atlas, Mich.

HOLLOW HORN—WARTS—Preventative of hollow horn: Plenty of good feed and a good warm stable in all bad weather. Cause of it, hard belly and exposure. This is my conclusion from over 30 years observation. One asks remedy to cure warts. I cured some 30 on my hands 25 years ago, and they have never come again. I heat the end of a large wire red hot, and then placed the end of the wire on the top of the wart and held it as long as I can bear it, and they will die and peal off in a week or less. If not try them again.—H. THOMPSON, Pearlette, Kan.

FOOT EVIL—LICE ON HOGS.—Will some one give me a cure for foot evil on horses? Give a remedy that will take lice off hogs? What is the cause of "wolves" or grubs in the backs of cattle?—W. L. CONEY, Locust Grove, I. T. If you mean by foot evil a discharge from the cleft or division of the frog, the proper name is thrush. For treatment, wash the feet well with soap and water. Fill the cleft with powdered sulphate of copper, and pack over it a little tow. Remove all filth, if any exists, from the stall, and the animal will recover. A safe and efficient ointment to kill lice on hogs is to use Scotch snuff mixed up with lard. Before applying wash the hog with tepid soapsuds water. The animal must have clean quarters, and be well fed. Your third question was answered in this department a short time since.—ED.

WHAT CAN BE DONE.—I will be truly thankful if your veterinarian can tell me what to do for my stallion. About two months since he was taken very sick—had a high fever. I employed a veterinarian. He broke up the fever but left his limbs or back so weak that it is hard for him to walk around. He appears perfectly well every other way; is fat and his limbs are not stiff in the least. Most people think he was wind foundered. Please tell me what to do for him and you will confer a great favor as he is a valuable horse.—D. GUINSEY, Paw Paw, Mich. [In a case like this it is a most difficult matter to prescribe. Fevers at times leave after results that are apparent in the loins or feet, or weaken other parts of the body. Where the weakness is located in your stallion, it would be impossible to say without a personal examination. If the lameness can be certainly located in the small of the back, dip a blanket in hot water and apply two or three times for two days. Rub dry and cover with a dry blanket. A moderate diuretic may then be given, as sweet spirits of nitre, three fluid solution of acetate of ammonia, of each 2 ozs. Give in a quart of linseed tea or mucilage of slippery elm bark. Afterward a liniment composed of the following may be rubbed on the back: Liquor of ammonia, 1 oz.; tincture of arnica, 1 oz.; tincture of opium, 1 oz; oil of turpentine, 1 oz.; alcohol, 1 oz.; water, 1 pt. Mix, and rub well in twice a day. —ED.]

RECEIVED.

Peter Henderson & Co.'s Manual of Everything for the Garden This is an exceedingly beautiful catalogue of 142 pages. The illuminated cover, and colored plates, representing various kinds of roses, beets, cucumbers, lettuce and asparagus are gems of art. As the catalogue is too expensive for gratuitous distribution, 6 cents is charged for it. Peter Henderson & Co., 35 and 37 Courtlandt street, New York. 1886.

Answers to Inquiries.

EGG EATERS.—In reply to those having hens that eat eggs, would say cut off the transparent or point of the upper bill. Be careful not to cut too much.—ROXIE, Chester, Ia.

LICE ON CATTLE.—Several recipes have been given to destroy lice on cattle, but as some recipes are not always practicable, I will give a simple remedy that has proved very effective: Take an old rope, cover it with fine tar, and simply tie it around the small part of the animal's "critter's" neck, taking care that it is pressed against the neck all around. The object is to cut off all communications to the eyes and nose, where they go daily for water, and they will soon desert their claim.—GEORGE FEATHER, Bennett, Neb.

How to Plant Apple Trees.

EDITOR FARM:—Select your trees from a nursery, cut the lateral roots not less than ten inches long. Get all the tap root if possible. Prepare the ground for the trees, same as if you had to plow them with a tapering post auger bore a hole a little deeper than the root is long. Fill the dirt in, a little at a time, tamping it down solid. I planted 80 trees in this way and they made an average growth of twelve inches the first year, and sixteen inches the second year. The tap root on all the trees were from two and a half to three feet long. There is not a tree in that number that is not growing nicely. Should like to hear from others on the subject.—A CONSTANT READER, Carthage, Ill.

Corn Planting.

EDITOR FARM:—If farmers who contemplate planting corn this season will soak their corn in strong copperas water two or three days before planting, they will have no trouble with the wire worms.—J. D. LEISURE, Lansing, Mich.

Hollow Horn Again.

EDITOR FARM:—As the subject of hollow horn is up again, I would like to tell a little of my experience with this disease. In the summer of 1834, I lived in Seneca county, Ohio. I had a yoke of oxen and no work for them, as I had sold my place, so I got them in pasture, good feed and running water, and they were in good flesh. One of them was unruly. I had to tie him as we call it, head and foot. In this way I put a strap around his horns, then from that to his legs, below the knee so that he could not get his head high enough to storm fences. I used to look to them as often as once a week, and give them salt. They had been there five or six weeks, and doing well. One day I went to see them and found one unruly one lying down and so meek that it was with considerable of an effort that he could get up. He had the scours bad, his eyes sunken. I untied the strap from his leg and led him home. Older men than I was at that time, said he had the hollow horn, and that I must bore his horns and pack pepper and salt with vinegar and pour it in his horns. I bored his horns with a common-sized gimlet when the gimlet got through the horn part, the inside peth was dry as could be and hollow as a shell. Not a drop of blood, and the meekness of something that bore his horns and of his nostrils. Now, any man that knows any thing about stock, knows that the pith of a healthy animal's horns is full of blood. Now, I would like to have T. B., or some other wise man, tell me what ailed my ox. It certainly could not have been for want of something to fill his stomach, for he was fed up to his eyes, and this in the month of August and the animal in good flesh. I have seen other just as plain cases of hollow-horn as that, and the animal no in low flesh either, within the last few years.—C. SPENCER, Maringo, Ill.

Cure for the Deaf.

Peck's patent improved cushioned ear drums perfectly restore the hearing and perform the work of the natural drum. Always in position, but invisible to others, and comfortable to wear. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book with testimonials, free. Address F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Mention this paper.

LIFE IN CHINATOWN.

New York's Yellow Population—How They Live in Mott Street—Opium Joints and Their Patrons—Doings of the Hip-Ye-Tong or Highbinders.

The Chinese quarter in New York has been expanding rapidly for two or three years past, until it has become a section of considerable importance. This city is the center of Mongolian population on the Atlantic coast and if they continue to be unmolested here we shall in time rival the Chinese colony of San Francisco. In spite of all the persecution to which the race has been subjected on our shores, and the stringent legislation to keep them away, they still come in great numbers. The proposition now before Congress to abrogate our treaty with the Chinese empire, thus surrendering our commercial relations with the Mongolian for the sake of keeping him out of the country, will hardly pass, but it has many advocates. Its friends, while admitting the bill to be wrong in principle, believe its enactment would be good policy as a measure of self-defense, avoiding bloody race antagonisms and removing one element of our labor troubles. John Chinaman can give his Christian neighbor lessons in thrift and humility. With all his uncleanliness and disagreeable ways, his dishonesty and bad habits, in the art of living on nothing, and laying up money at that, and in extracting prosperity from opposition and the most disadvantageous surroundings, he furnishes an example which some of our other population would do well to imitate. Give him a hut and a wash tub and he will carve out an independence in spite of all the hoodlums who may mob him, and in addition is to take a close bag, put some bran in it, pour on hot water, and hold it over the nose. None but good wholesome food should be given.—ED.]

EGG EATING HENS.—I am troubled with my hens eating their eggs. Please tell me through the BLADE what to do to cause cause them to stop it.—C. F. STILES, Oxford Mills, Iowa.—[See what "Roxie" says under head of "Answers to Inquiries." Lime in some form should be given. Oyster shells, burnt bones, broken fine, are among the best. Old mortar or plaster is good. Put small lumps of lime in drinking water. A fowl caught eating eggs should be removed from the others of the flock, as they will all soon learn to do it unless well provided with egg-making food.—ED.]

LAME HORSE.—Will the editor or some one please to tell me what to do for my horse? It walks lame on its hind legs when it first starts work in the morning, but after it is warmed up it is all right except it keeps holding one foot up while it is resting from work. The man that I bought it from says it is a hind thrush or leather, a year ago, and it never got over it, and he thinks it is settled in its hind legs. Please give an early answer and oblige, A NEW SUBSCRIBER. Does the horse draw up his leg with a slight jerk? Is there any swelling about the hock joint? If so spavin is indicated. The first thing to do will be to give your horse a five-drachm dose of aloes. Then give him, morning and night, an ounce of saltpetre in his drinking water. Afterward apply to the affected part bin-iodide of mercury one drachm, lard two ounces, mix thoroughly and rub on a piece the size of a hulled walnut. Spavin is practicly incurable. Unless the owner of a horse can locate a disease and give symptoms, it is hard for one at a distance to speak correctly as to the best mode of treatment.—ED.]

WHAT CAN BE DONE.—I will be truly thankful if your veterinarian can tell me what to do for my stallion. About two months since he was taken very sick—had a high fever. I employed a veterinarian. He broke up the fever but left his limbs or back so weak that it is hard for him to walk around. He appears perfectly well every other way; is fat and his limbs are not stiff in the least. Most people think he was wind foundered. Please tell me what to do for him and you will confer a great favor as he is a valuable horse.—D. GUINSEY, Paw Paw, Mich. [In a case like this it is a most difficult matter to prescribe. Fevers at times leave after results that are apparent in the loins or feet, or weaken other parts of the body. Where the weakness is located in your stallion, it would be impossible to say without a personal examination. If the lameness can be certainly located in the small of the back, dip a blanket in hot water and apply two or three times for two days. Rub dry and cover with a dry blanket. A moderate diuretic may then be given, as sweet spirits of nitre, three fluid solution of acetate of ammonia, of each 2 ozs. Give in a quart of linseed tea or mucilage of slippery elm bark. Afterward a liniment composed of the following may be rubbed on the back: Liquor of ammonia, 1 oz.; tincture of arnica, 1 oz.; tincture of opium, 1 oz; oil of turpentine, 1 oz.; alcohol, 1 oz.; water, 1 pt. Mix, and rub well in twice a day. —ED.]

MASTER OF THE HIP-YE-TONG.

A HIGHBINDER.

of the very ones who profess to despise him contribute to his coffers, because in spite of their contortions they are not unwilling to take advantage of the "cheap labor" they condemn. It is asserted that a Chinaman will live and save money on a dime a day. This is probably an exaggeration, but that he nearly always spends less than he earns, be that ever so little, and that he will keep soul and body together on the most meagre diet are facts known to all those who have become in any degree acquainted with his characteristics.

Most of the Chinamen who come here belong to the very poor class. New York has quite a number of rich Chinamen, but there are many more of the poverty-stricken, vicious class who have hard work to keep the spark of life within them. The better class and the married men remain on the Pacific coast, as a rule. One seldom sees a Chinaman with a mustache in this city. The hair of the face indicates whether John is childless or the proud father of an heir, male or female. A man may not adorn his upper lip with hair until he has a son. A daughter coming subsequently entitles him to wear a full beard, although the whiskers of the Oriental are scraggy affair. The advent of a baby girl as first born is regarded among the Chinese as a calamity. Wherever Chinamen obtain a residence and welcome they are curious and criminal secure a foothold. The Chinese quarter in New York is in Mott street, and a very large percentage of the Mongolians there obtain their living through running gambling games or keeping opium joints. Opium smoking is one of the bad habits which John takes with him wherever he goes, and which he introduces among his neighbors to a greater or less extent. Notwithstanding all that has been written concerning this terrible evil, the habit is on the increase here. So far as can be ascertained, the "joints" have not multiplied in proportion, because many smokers now acquire "layouts" of their own and smoke in their private quarters, where the law cannot interfere with them. Nearly all the smoking dens are conducted by Chinamen, though some white persons, representing various kinds of roses, beets, cucumbers, lettuce and asparagus are gems of art. As the catalogue is too expensive for gratuitous distribution, 6 cents is charged for it. Peter Henderson & Co., 35 and 37 Courtlandt street, New York. 1886.

NO. 18 MOTT STREET.

ONE OF THE SMOKERS.

There is one class of Chinamen here who do nothing whatever, and yet live comfortably. They are the Highbinders or Hip-Ye-Tong. The Hip-Ye-Tong is a Chinese society popularly supposed to be the Oriental branch of Free Masons. But this appears to be a mistake. Centuries ago this secret order sprung up in China and flourished so amazing that within the next hundred years it became a serious menace to the centralized government. So the attempt to put the Hip-Ye-Tong down resulted in an insurrection that was waged bitterly for several years, but at length, the emperor obtaining the upper hand, the head of several of the leaders were cut off and the rest escaped into the provinces, where they and their descendants have remained ever since, sworn enemies of the government. Their lodges are maintained in secret, for death is the reward of the Hip-Ye Tong members. When the Chinese emigration first turned towards America, the Hip-ye-Tong seized the opportunity to establish itself in a new world, and the adherents of the order flocked hitherward in great numbers. A writher in the *Graphic* recently gave an interesting account of the workings of the order in this country. The society organized itself into a supreme and subordinate lodge, elected judges, court officers, prisole and constables, and set up a government. There was no appeal from its decisions, and its sentences were carried out with the utmost cruelty and vindictiveness. The executive officers of the society were called Highbinders, and a bloodthirsty gang of assassins they were. If one Chinaman owed another, he was summoned before this secret tribunal and placed upon trial without benefit of counsel. The plaintiff being usually the richer man and able to pay more for a verdict than the unfortunate debtor, usually got a favorable decision. If the victim had any money it was taken from him, and he was sent out stripped of all his early possessions and admonished that an appeal to the Mellcan court would result in his death. No Chinaman ever braved the vengeance of the Hip-Ye-Tong and complained. If the victim had offered offence to a powerful Chinaman and had no money to pay in the shape of damages, he was beaten, thrown into a dungeon, starved, or even killed. It not infrequently happened that Chinamen in San Francisco were tried and sentenced without being arrested, and the execution of the sentence entrusted to a Highbinder or hatchet-man. This thug would search all the places where the victim was known to resort, shadow him until he found an opportunity to carry out the vengeance of the Hip-Ye-Tong and stab him in the back, or brain him with the keen hatchet all those fellows carry. The name "hatchet-men" were given the Hip-Ye-Tong executioners from the fact that they all carried hatchets or small bars of iron concealed under their coats. The few people who know anything of the workings of this society in San Francisco, have no idea that the system of blackmail and oppression has been transplanted to New York. Yet such is the case.

The headquarters of the Hip-Ye-Tong in this city are in an old brick house, No. 18 Mott street. People around that neighborhood speak of the place as a Chinese club house and shake their heads dubiously, while they asseverate that curious things go on there. It is very difficult to obtain entrance to this house. After frequent unsuccessful attempts the writer succeeded in catching the guardian napping, and while his attention was turned in another direction crept up stairs. The landing at the head of the stairs opened up a transformation scene. Down stairs all was dirty and dingy. Here everything was bright and cheerful. A good matting covered the floor, the walls were hung with bright paper, and an ornamental lantern dropped from the ceiling. The walls were covered with curious paintings on rice and yellow paper in letters of gold. Altogether the effect was stunning. The only door on the landing was closed, but having gained the vantage ground of the anteroom, the scribe, although with fear and trembling, determined to turn the knob. The door yielded and opened upon a long room, occupying the entire floor. The walls were hung with mottoes, swords, spears, targets and streamers. The ceiling was dotted with Chinese lanterns and the floor was covered with matting. Several thousand were scattered through the room in careless conversation, and at the end of the room, on a sort of throne, sat fat Yet-Hi-Tien. That was all the visitor saw, for half a dozen Chinamen sprang towards him, and it took but a minute to withdraw to the safe vantage ground of the street. From various sources it has been known that the same practices in holding court at No. 18 are pursued as in San Francisco. The judge is supreme. His clerks and the court attendants are all of the priestly rank and are entitled to wear robes of blue. The defendant is never allowed to see who his accusers or the witnesses are, but is required to wear a mask. He has nothing to say until all the testimony is in, and then he may give his version of the story. If he has any witnesses he may give their names and they may be seen privately by the Highbinders, but usually the sentence is decided upon in advance and is always carried out. The Highbinders are known by the stiff-brimmed black felt hats they wear. They are the Chinese loafers one sees standing in the doorways with the hats drawn down over their eyes, their hands in their pockets and cheap cigars in their mouths.

It is an unpleasantly interesting experience to walk through "Chinatown" on a tour of investigation. There are to be seen not only the evidences of squalor and misery, but various forms of vice and infidelity and mummery. The "Joss house" is an institution among them. In one of these miserable dens in the rear of 14 and 16 Mott street, lives a wretched rag picker named Ah Yet. He pays no rent, but appropriates a hole under the house, which was previously used as a coal cellar. The place is little more than six feet square, and here in the midst of his dirty pile of rags this miserable creature continues to exist. His only furniture is an old packing box, used as a table, and a few cooking utensils. His cook stove is the same as usually used by impecunious Chinamen—the oil can cut in half, nearly filled with ashes, fitted with two iron rods across the top. The fire built upon the ashes warms a tomato can resting upon the rods, completing the simple but effective outfit. A cracked bowl comprises the entire crockery service. But Ah Yet is only one of many whose lives are a similar existence, and whose food is chiefly rice and bits of unwholesome kinds of meat. Whether New York Chinamen eat rats the writer is unable to say. The use of a stove-pipe is beyond the ken of most Chinamen. They make their fires in open braziers, allowing the smoke to curl up to the ceiling and escape by the window, if the room is so fortunate as to have one.

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MANY OF HIS FRIENDS

Would Rather Not Have Mr. Warner Appear Just Now.

NEW YORK, March 25.—The *Tribune* this morning says: The continued absence of William S. Warner from the eager eyes of the lawyers and receivers who are looking for Grant & Ward assets, is getting to be a more and more lively topic of conversation among members of the bar. Deputy sheriffs have been seeking him high and low in the city in banking and trust institutions for something tangible on which to levy, but all in vain. The Fifth avenue property has stood for years in Mrs. Warner's name and the cottage also so stands.

Mr. Warner's close friends are discreetly silent, but they still assert emphatically that Warner will appear when a definite need of his being on hand shall come about. There are rumors that a compromise may be offered in Mr. Warner's behalf, but those directly interested in getting the money say that nothing of the kind is yet on the carpet. The hope of securing by levy any property belonging to Mr. Warner seems to have been abandoned, and the next step will be, it is understood, an endeavor to examine Mr. Warner in supplementary proceeding for the purpose of finding what has become of his property. Mr. Hornblower will not attempt this examination until he hears further from Mr. Warner's lawyers; at least, he will wait a reasonable time.

Should Mr. Warner be examined, it is well understood that this would undoubtedly lead to the discovery of the names of all those for whom he operated. It is therefore asserted that the prospect of this would likely lead to a compromise and a settlement of the claims of Receiver Davie.

Testing a Monitor.

CHESTER, Pa., March 27.—The official dock trial of the machinery of the monitor Puritan was commenced at Roach's shipyard yesterday by a board of government engineers. The test will continue 144 consecutive hours.

News of the Week.

A CASE OF PIRACY.

The Nineteenth Century Furnishes a Nautical Sensation of the Most Thrilling Character.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 23.—The State department has just received a thrilling account of shipwreck and priacy as seldom has been recorded in the latter part of the nineteenth century. The full account of it, which is furnished under oath by the victims through the United states consul at Cape Town, reminds one more of a mediæval story than anything else. Tee bark Surprise, of Boston, Capt. Averill, master, bound for Australia, on the 21st of November last stranded on a reef on the west coast of Madagascar. It was soon seen that the ship could not be saved, and so the valuables and a supply of food were lowered into the boats, and as there was a heavy gale at the time the boats were pulled in shore under the lee of the point. As soon as the wind went down a little, the captain noticed that canoes with the natives in them were rowed out to the deserted vessel. Before the captain deemed it safe to move away one of the canoes paddled in close to them and several others started toward them. The captain says in his statement. "Two of the natives got into the mate's boat and as they seemed friendly we did not think much of it, but when we saw the other canoes coming towards us we tried to get them into their own boat before the others arrived. This we found impossible without using violence, which I did not deem prudent under the circumstances, as we were entirely unprepared to show fight. While we were parleying the canoes came in rapidly. The two natives finally got out of the mate's boat, and we attempted to proceed on our way when they entirely surrounded us to the number of 25 or 30 canoes, with three to four natives in each, armed with guns and spears. Presenting their spears, they jumped into my boat like wild savages as they were, sinking her to the thwarts and taking everything out of her, even taking an oilcloth and a shawl off my daughter's back. They left the provisions and water in the big boat, and finally permitted us to proceed on our way south, which we did under very favorable circumstances. On the following morning we sighted a bark at anchor in Tuller Bay."

This bark turned out to be a French vessel which took on the crew and treated them kindly. They returned to the deserted ship and found that the natives, after seizing the cargo, stripping off all the metal and sails, had burned her to the water's edge. King Lahamoisa is the ruler of the island and to him Capt. Averill applied, demanding pay for the full amount he had been despoiled of. The King replied that he could do nothing in the premises unless furnished with the actual names of the natives who had committed the robbery. This was impossible. As the vessel was plundered while atloat the captain claims it was a case of piracy and demands that the United States Government get satisfaction for it.

IN A LAZARETTO

Calmly Awaiting Death—Leprous Patients Who Are Slowly Wasting Away.

OTTAWA, Ont., March 27.—The chaplain of the Lazaretto at Tracadie, N. B., who is here urging the government to increase the support of the institution, reports that of late, owing to complete isolation, the acquirement of leprosy by inheritance is fast decreasing, and in a generation or two more will witness its virtual extermination.

At present the inmates number 24, females being in the majority. Frequently during the experience or the reverend chaplain the number has been larger. The oldest patient, who is now upward of 70 years of age, has dragged out his existence there since 1840. The plague stricken pass their time, year after year in quietness, looking forward to death.

The chaplain says of the original outbreak in New Brunswick little is known, the fishermen along the coast having simply fled from it for ought or ten generations. He says there are several cases under treatment in which the fingers, toes are arms have decayed at the joints and dropped off. His experience, he adds, shows that contact, unless the parts exposed are abraded, rarely results in the transmission of this disease by inhalation. It is also understood that the government intends establishing a Lazaretto at Victoria, B. C., at which point a number of cases are reported. The disease has been brought into that country by Chinese.

SUING FOR BROKEN PROMISES

Made by Boston's Sensational Preacher.

BOSTON, Mass., March 27.—The gray-haired housekeeper of the late Rev. Henry Morgan, Boston's sensational revival preacher, is suing his estate for money which she claims he promised to bequeath her as additional compensation to her wages for years of hard work for him. Her name is Rebecca Ernst, and she kept house for Mr. Morgan prior to author of "Boston Inside Out," and other startling literary works, for many years. Much amusement was created in court to-day by her queer stories of Mr. Morgan's eccentricities. He used to make her get up at 6 in the morning and built all the fires, for some of which she had to carry the bods of coal up four flights of stairs. One day she fainted away in the coal cellar from overexertion. After that Mr. Morgan hired a man to bring up the coal, but he made her pay the man's wages. For a while Mrs. Ernst says she used to shovel snow, but she had to give that up because she could not do it. She transacted much of Mr. Morgan's business, collected rents, mailed the books to be sold, did his washing, bought his socks, collars, cuffs and other small articles, lent him money, once $200 at a time, went regularly to Music Hall whenever lectured in it, counted the tickets and money taken at the door, brought all the food for the table, never had a vacation, and never went down town shopping or for pleasure once in five years. When Mr. Morgan made his will he told her he had left her property amounting to $8,000, and an interest in certain property that amounted to $100 a year. Since his death his promises have not been fulfilled. The case is unfinished.

BEFORE THE PRESIDENT.

The Carrollton Tragedy the Subject of Discussion.

WASHINGTON, March 23.—Ex-Sen. B. K. Bruce and Ex-Congressman John R. Lynch, of Mississippi, called on the President this morning and directed his attention to the massacre of thirteen negroes at Carrollton, Miss., on the 17th inst. They represented that they had received numbers of letters from colored people in that section requesting that the matter be laid before the President for such action as he may deem proper to take.

Messrs. Bruce and Lynch stated that the colored people were almost paralyzed with fear by the outrage, and that a number who had been wounded had fled to the woods, and it was to-day unknown how many were killed and had died of their wounds. The attention of the President was directed to the fact that the governor of Mississippi had taken no official action in the premises and was represented as having intimated that no action could be taken, as it would trench upon the authority of the county in the premises.

The President listened with attention to the recitals of Messrs. Bruce and Lynch, and expressed himself in decided terms against such affairs as a blight to our civilization. He expressed himself as surprised that the state authorities had taken no steps to have the outrage investigated and the guilty parties brought to justice. He intimated that the matter had been called to his attention by the attorney-general.

The interview lasted upwards of an hour, and Messrs. Bruce and Lynch expressed themselves as much pleased at the cordial manner of their reception, the earnestness of the President and the interest he took in having the matter rigidly investigated.

Hung on Circumstantial Evidence.

CHICAGO, March 26.—Frank Mulkowski, the Pole, who brutally murdered Mrs. Agnes Kledzeick, last August, was hanged in the county jail yard, in this city, at 12:16 this afternoon.

Mulkowski's crime, an affair of unusual horror, was committed August 2, 1885. On the evening of that day the husband of Mrs. Agnes Kledzeick, returned from work to his humble home to find that his wife had been murdered and the house ransacked, evidently for plunder. From appearances, Mrs. Kledzeick was alone at the time, attending to her household affairs, when the murderer slipped noiselessly into the room and beat her to death with some blunt instrument. The booty secured by the fiend was a small sum of money which Kledzeick had entrusted to his wife for safe keeping. Some trinkets stolen from the dead woman were traced to Mulkowski and the evidence accumulated against him was so strong that notwithstanding it was entirely circumstantial he was quickly convicted.

A Sleeping Car is Like a Hotel.

LOUISVILLE, March 29.—The case of Thomas Gaylord against the Pullman Palace Car company for the loss by theft of a $300 scarf pin while asleep on one of the company's cars, has been decided in favor of the plaintiff. The decision holds that the company is responsible on the same ground as a hotel for the property of its guests. The case will be carried to the higher courts.

MARCH, APRIL, MAY

Are the months in which to purify your blood, and for this purpose there is no medicine equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla. It purifies, vitalizes and enriches the blood, removing all trace of scrofula or other disease. It creates an appetite and imparts new strength and vigor to the whole body. It is the ideal spring medicine. Try it this season.

"When I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I was dizzy in the morning, had a headache, and no appetite; but now I can hardly get enough cooked to eat." EMMA SHEPARD, 1 Coral st., Worcester, Mass.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

Is prepared from Sarsparilla, Dandelion, Mandrake, Dock, Pipsissewa, Juniper Berries and other well-known and valuable vegetable remedies. The combination, proportion and preparation are peculiar to Hood's Sarsaparilla, giving it curative power not possessed by other medicines. It effects remarkable cures where others fail.

"I was troubled with boils, having several of them at a time. After suffering about all I could bear, I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, which entirely cured me. I cheerfully recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all like afflicted, being sure they will find permanent relief." E. N. NIGHTINGALE, Quincy, Mass.

Your blood may be full of impurities, but Hood's Sarsaparilla will thoroughly cleanse, enrich and vitalize it. The most severe cases of scrofula, salt rheum, boils, pimples—in fact all affections arising from impure blood, yield to Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier. It also cures dyspepsia, biliousness, sick headache, kidney and liver complaints, sharpens the appetite, and builds up the whole system.

Henry Biggs, Campbell street, Kansas City, had scrofulous sores all over his body for 15 years. Hood's Sarsaparilla completely cured him.

PURIFIES THE BLOOD.

"I had been troubled with hives and pimples for some time. Other remedies having failed, I was advised to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I have taken two bottles, and am entirely cured. I think Hood's Sarsaparilla has no equal as a blood purifier." EFFIE M. PETRIE, Portsmouth, Ohio.

"Last spring I was troubled with boils, caused by my blood being out of order. Two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me, and I recommend it to others." J. SCHOCH, Peoria, Ill.

"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla for dyspepsia, which I have had for the last nine or ten years, suffering terribly. It has now entirely cured me." MRS. A. NORTON, Chicopee, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

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gress and is bound to go down to posterity as one of the most important in the annals of the nation. The principal speech of the day was delivered by Sen. Ingalls, of Kansas, who was listened to by one of the largest audiences that ever gathered in the Senate during a debate. The galleries were thronged to overflowing and there was upon the floor of the chamber a large number of members of the House of Representatives and department officials entitled to admission. Nearly every Senator in the city was in his seat.

The arraignment of the administration by Ingalls was something that had been looked for by those who knew the abilities of the Senator, but such a scorching as he gave it no one was prepared to hear. His diction was perfect. He knew just what he wanted to say and how to say it, and for nearly two hours he held his large audience as though within the hollow of his hand. His sarcastic description of the Mugwump elicited rear after rear of laughter in spite of the efforts of the chair to preserve order. He made reference to the bad appointments of the administration, and cited a number in each state. It was amusing when he alluded to the many in Ohio, and called upon Sen. Payne to tell what he knew of the different appointees. Not a few of them were ex-jail birds, and their history was given in full. Jack Connolly, present agent of the department of agriculture, was among those described. It was noticeable that the Democratic senators answered his interrogatories in the most polite manner possible, and seemed especially anxious to avoid a controversy with the Kansas Senator. Sen. Payne, at the end of the speech, went over to Ingalls and tendered his congratulations. Had any of the Democrats cared to challenge the assertions made they would most likely have fared badly, and they knew it.

After Senator Ingalls concluded the debate went on until 10 o'clock, the Democrats endeavoring to prevent action upon the resolutions until Monday. When in spite of the dilatory motions the Senate came to a vote upon the resolutions, they were carried by a strict party vote. Van Wyck's amendment to have open sessions for the consideration of nominations was supported by the Democrats but did not carry. The resolutions relative to the appointment of soldiers was carried by a unanimous "aye." The great debate has come to an end, but throughout it may be said that there has been no real defense of the administration among the Democratic members either of the Senate or of the House. They were in reality only trying to bolster up the Democratic party as best they could. Incidentally a good word was said for the President now and then, but the good word was not intended for his individual benefit. In the heart of the average Democratic Senator and member there is a contempt for the President only equaled by that they have for his Mugwump following.

LOGAN'S SPEECH

On Tuesday on the Army Bill.

WASHINGTON, March 30.—In the Senate yesterday, Mr. Logan's bill for the increase of the army came up, and Mr. Logan, in defending his position, said that as to one of the arguments advanced by the Senator from Kansas (Plumb) that because laborers were poorly paid the soldiers should not be better paid than at present, Mr. Logan thought that a very poor argument. It was very singular that men of wealth, bankers, rich enough to be hardly able to count their money, were always found to be the friends of the workingman. [Laughter in the galleries.] This was all right for a rich man to do, but when anything was said for the workingmen by those who had themselves had the actual experience of the workingman, that was altogether improper. It was only the bankers and the rich men who were to have the right to speak for the workingman. I was brought up to labor on a farm at $26 a month, said Mr. Logan, and when any man insinuates that I am not the friend of the poor man, he insinuates that which is utterly unjustifiable. The Senator from Kansas (Plumb), Mr. Logan said, had referred to the great parade on Pennsylvania avenue at the close of the war, when the returning army marched in review. That senator had mentioned names of officers who marched with those troops, but had mentioned the names of those only who were high in the regular army. Mr. Logan was himself present on that occasion, and commanded the largest body of troops in the line—80,000 men. But, of course, having been only a poor volunteer officer, the senator from Kansas could not mention his name, although mentioning the name of an officer who had not marched at all on the occasion.

Mr. Logan did not refer to this to glorify himself, but to show it was for people having personal feeling to do an injustice. It was an unwarrantable assumption for any senator to intimate, by innuendo, that this bill was now introduced with a view to any impending difficulty between labor and capital. Why this insinuation that there was a desire to use the army against the people? It seemed that to some men any statement that would injure another was a sweet morsel. It was an unfounded and unworthy insinuation.

Referring to the suggestion that the increase of the army was wanted for show, for a circus, Mr. Logan repelled it. The people, he said, did not want any "show" about it; they had "show" and "circus" enough in the Senate, [Laughter], and while the Senatorial circus was on he did not know any better performers than the senators who were opposed to this bill. [Renewed laughter.]

In conclusion, Mr. Logan said republicanism was becoming a power the world over, and the United States should be prepared to say to the first European power that attempts to gain a foothold in America, "Lay on, Macduff, and d—d be he who first cries, 'hold, enough!'"

In the House a shoal of bills were introduced, among them one granting $8 per month to all honorably discharged soldiers of the Union army, and to furnish artificial legs or arms to all Confederates who lost limbs in the war; Willis's educational bill, identical with the Blair bill, which was referred to the committee on Labor; for a conference of American natives to encourage reciprocal commerce; for a board of labor arbitration—to avoid strikes; to pay $147,748 to the Chinese government for the losses sustained by Chinese in the Wyoming riots; and a resolution to investigate the Carrollton outrage, which was objected to by Reagan on the ground that Congress had no constitutional power to do so.

POOR OLD VIRGINIA.

Her Lot Is Not a Happy One, Because Everybody Is Avoiding the Payment of Taxes.

NEW YORK, March 30.—A special from Richmond, Va., says: The decisions rendered by the United States Supreme court last January are now giving the Democrats more trouble than anything they have yet encountered. The court decided that after a person doing a business upon which a license law is imposed, tenders the state's coupons in payment of the license tax and such payment is refused, he has the right to pursue his business without any license. By this decision the state law which pretends to molest him is simply void, and of no effect.

In consequence of this, quite a number of drummers for large Northern houses have tendered the state officers coupons for their licenses, which being refused, they are now selling goods in every part of the state without licenses. They really pay no tax at all, as they sell the coupons as soon as the tender is made, for what they gave for them. In many cases they borrow the coupons for the purpose of tender, and then proceed with their business in defiance of the state and her laws, claiming that the state law is unconstitutional under any circumstances; but this is the happiest way to get around the question. The same thing is spreading among the old residents who pay direct taxes on property.

The Supreme court decided also that after coupons had been tendered for such taxes, it is simply a naked trespass to levy on the taxpayers' property. The collector is personally liable for any such trespass, in a suit which may be brought in the United States Circuit court, although both plaintiff and defendant are citizens of Virginia.

The funny thing about this matter, like the one just mentioned is, that the tax payer may borrow the coupons for the purpose of tender, or he may purchase them and then re-sell them after the tender; so that he pays his tax without being out of pocket a cent, and then whatever he receives by way of damages is that much net cash profit. The collectors of taxes are afraid to levy and those who owe direct taxes are beginning to understand this and to refuse to pay in anything but coupons all of which causes the lot of the state to be by no means a happy one.

Strong Demand for the Eight Hour Rule in New York.

NEW YORK, March 30.—The Cigarmakers Progressive Union reported yesterday that they have begun to work only nine hours a day, and that after May 1 they would work only eight hours. A committee of the Central Labor union will to-day visit the cloak manufacturers and try to settle the strike now in progress in that trade, which has thrown out of employment about 7,000 persons. The tinsmiths and cornice makers have decided to insist upon the establishment of the eight hour rule after May 1.

FORTY-NINTH CONGRESS.

MARCH 23.—The Senate passed the House bill granting a pension of $2,000 per annum to the widow of Gen. Hancock. A bill was reported to increase to $4 per month the pensions of minor children, and widows having minor children, and to extend the period of minority to eighteen years. The bill was passed to confirm entries heretofore made on public lands in accordance with the rulings of the land office in force at the time the entries were made. Sen. Logan's bill to increase the efficiency of the army was discussed, and the Edmunds resolutions concerning the withholding of information by the executive department were further debated, after which the Senate adjourned.

The House passed the Fourth-of-July Claims bill, involving $238,200. A number of bills were reported from committees, including one to prevent the introduction of contagious and infectious diseases into the United States and to establish a bureau of public health. The Senate bill to establish a national live-stock highway and promote commerce in live stock between the states was also reported. The Indian Appropriation bill was discussed in committee of the whole, the clause appropriating $1,000 for annual allowance to Capt. R. H. Pratt while in charge of the Carlisle Indian school being stricken out.

MARCH 24.—No business of importance was transacted by the Senate. The Logan bill to increase the efficiency of the army was discussed until 2 o'clock, when the Edmunds resolutions of the President-Senate controversy were taken up, and speeches made by Messrs. Morgan and Mitchell. There was considerable hwordy cross-firing between Sens. Hoar, Gray, Edmunds, Butler and Harris, and without action on the resolutions the Senate adjourned.

In the House, an order was made allowing the committee on Labor to report for action at any time (not to interfere with the revenue of appropriation bills) legislation providing for arbitration in strikes on railroads. After considering the Indian Appropriation bill in committee of the whole, the committee rose, and the House passed the bill—yeas 226, nays 5. It appropriates $7,592,562. The House then went into committee of the whole on the postoffice appropriation bill. Mr. Blount, of Georgia, chairman of the committee on postoffices and post roads, briefly explained the provisions of the bill. It appropriated, he said, $54,326,583, as against an estimate of $54,196,196, and an appropriation of $53,700,090 for the current year. After some debate the committee rose, and the House adjourned.

MARCH 25.—The Senate passed a bill to authorize the Mississippi Water-power and Boom company, of Brainerd, Minn., to construct a dam across the Mississippi river at or near Brainerd. Sen. Frye reported favorably from the committee on Commerce a bill to provide for the encouragement of American shipping, and to promote postal and commercial relations with foreign countries. A bill was passed establishing a commission, composed of the secretary of State, the librarian of Congress, and the secretary of the Smithsonian Institute, to examine and report to Congress as to the character and value of the manuscripts belonging to Congress. The Edmunds resolutions relative to the refusal of the President and heads of departments to furnish information were still further discussed, Sen. Voorhees speaking in opposition to the majority report.

In the House, bills were reported to promote the introduction of free water on the Colorado desert, and to provide for the organization of the territory of Oklahoma. The postoffice appropriation bill was considered in committee of the whole. The evening session was devoted to the consideration of resolutions expressive of the sorrow of that body at the death of Mr. Joseph Rankin, late representative from Wisconsin. Eulogistic addresses were delivered, and as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the House adjourned.

MARCH 26.—Among the bills introduced in the Senate was one by Mr. Hoar, providing for inquests under national authority. Mr. Hoar said the bill was suggested by the reports of the recent occurrences at Carrollton, Miss., where a number of colored persons were killed by the whites. A message from the President transmitting the report of the Civil Service commission was received. The Edmunds resolutions condemning the Attorney General for his refusal to furnish copies of papers desired, and declaring it to be the duty of the Senate to refuse its consent to removals of officers in cases where documents showing misconduct are withheld, were taken up, and after speeches by Messrs. Ingalls, Logan and Harrison in support of the resolutions they were adopted.

In the House, a bill was passed granting a pension of $50 a month to the widow of Gen. H. W. Benham. The Speaker laid before the House a communication from Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Fairchild, transmitting a draft of a bill to amend the laws regulating immigration; also a letter asking for an appropriation to enable the department to build vaults at the sub-treasuries in which to store silver dollars. At the evening session forty pension bills were passed.

MARCH 27.—The House went into committee of the Whole, and the debate on the silver-coinage question was opened by Mr. Culberson, of Texas. Messrs. Long, of Massachusetts; Dorgan, of South Carolina; Hartzell, of Kentucky, and Taylor, of Tennessee, also participated in the discussion. The Senate was not in session.

MARCH 29.—In the Senate the memorial of the Sacramento anti-Chinese convention, praying for relief from the Chinese evil, was presented. Logan's army bill was discussed. Logan made a speech in which he declared that the United States should be prepared to say to the first European power that attempts to gain a foothold in America, "Lay on, Macduff, and d—d be he who first cries, 'hold, enough!'"

In the House a shoal of bills were introduced, among them one granting $8 per month to all honorably discharged soldiers of the Union army, and to furnish artificial legs or arms to all Confederates who lost limbs in the war; Willis's educational bill, identical with the Blair bill, which was referred to the committee on Labor; for a conference of American natives to encourage reciprocal commerce; for a board of labor arbitration—to avoid strikes; to pay $147,748 to the Chinese government for the losses sustained by Chinese in the Wyoming riots; and a resolution to investigate the Carrollton outrage, which was objected to by Reagan on the ground that Congress had no constitutional power to do so.

THE GREAT STRIKE.

Result of Sunday's Conference — Trains Running to-Day—All Work to Be Resumed To-Morrow.

NEW YORK, March 29.—The following is the full text of the letter sent Saturday to Mr. Jay Gould by the General Executive board of the Knights of Labor:

"The General Executive board of the Knights of Labor will be pleased to have an interview with you at your convenience, to-day, for the purpose of submitting the Southwestern difficulty to a committee of seven for arbitration, three to be appointed by yourself and three by the General Executive board, the six to select the seventh; their decision on the matter to be final. Should the proposition be accepted, we will at once issue an order for the men to return to work.

"FREDERICK TURNER, Secretary."

Mr. Gould's Reply.

NEW YORK, March 27.—The following is Jay Gould's reply to the letter sent to-day by secretary of the executive committee of the Knights of Labor:

"Frederick Turner, Esq., Secretary, &c., Philadelphia, Pa.:

"DEAR SIR—I have your note of this date proposing an interview between your executive committee and the officers of this company for the purpose of submitting to arbitration by a committee of seven what you term the 'Southwestern difficulties.' You are doubtless aware that in the negotiations which took place here last August between Mr. T. V. Powderly, grand master workman, and associates and the officers of this company it was agreed that in future no strikes would be ordered on the Missouri Pacific road until after conference with the officers of the company, and an opportunity to adjust any alleged grievances. In view of this fact, attention is called to the following correspondence between Mr. A. L. Hopkins, vice president, acting for this company in my absence, and Mr. Powderly:

"'NEW YORK, March 6, 1886.

"'T. V. Powderly, Scranton, Pa.:

"'Mr. Hoxie telegraphs that Knights of Labor on our road have struck, and refused to allow any freight trains to run over our road, saying they have no grievance but are only striking because ordered to do so. If there is any grievance, we would like to talk it over with you. We understand you to promise that no strike should be ordered without consultation. A. L. HOPKINS.'

"'PHILADELPHIA, Pa., March 8, 1886.

"'A. L. Hopkins, Secretary Missouri Pacific Railroad, 19 Broadway, New York:

"'Have telegraphed West for particulars. Papers say strike caused by discharged man named Hall. Can he be reinstated pending investigation? T. V. POWDERLY.'

"'NEW YORK, March 8, 1886.

"'T. V. Powderly:

"'Thanks for your message and suggestion. Hall was employed by the Texas Pacific, and not by us. That property is in the hands of the United States court, and we have no control whatever over the receivers or over employes. We have carried out the agreement made last spring in every respect, and the present strike is unjust and unwise for you. It is reported here that this movement is the result of Wall street influence on the part of those short of the securities likely to be affected.

"'A. L. HOPKINS.'

"So reply to this message was received, but this company's request for a conference was ignored, and its premises at once invaded and its property destroyed by the men of your order in great numbers, who also seized and disabled its trains, as they have since contrived to do whenever attempting to run. The board of directors of this company thereupon had a copy of the correspondence above given submitted to Mr. H. M. Hoxie, the first vice-president and general manager at St. Louis, with instructions to use every endeavor to continue the operation of the road, and committed the whole matter to his hands. Mr. Hoxie's overtures, made through the governor's of Missouri and Kansas, who stated they found no cause for the strike, were rejected by your order. These and the subsequent correspondence between him and Mr. Powderly are well known to you, and Mr. Hoxie's course has been confirmed by the board, and the matter is still in his hands. I am, therefore, instructed by the board to refer you to him as its continuing representative in the premises.

"I am directed to add in behalf of the board that, in its judgment, so long as this company is forcibly kept from the control of its property, and from performing its charter duties, its business is done, if at all, not under the conditions of law which are common to all citizens, but only at the will of a law-breaking force. Any negotiations with such a force would be unwise and useless. Terms made with it would not be a settlement of difficulties, but a triumph of force over the law of the land. It would mean nothing in their judgment but new troubles and worse. This is the result of their experience.

"In the meantime the governors' proclamations enjoin upon your men to return to duty, and this company's continued advertisement offers them employment on the same terms as heretofore.

"The board further suggests that inasmuch as your order assumes in your communication responsibility for these men, and power and control over them, the following from the proclamation of the governor of Missouri is expressive of their duty and of your own: 'I warn all persons, whether they be employes or not, against interposing any obstacle whatever in the way of said resumption, and with a firm reliance upon the courage, good sense and law-abiding spirit of the public, I hereby call upon all good citizens to assist in carrying out the purposes of this proclamation; and I hereby pledge the whole power of the state, so far as it may be lawfully wielded by its chief executive officer, to sustain the company and its servants in said resumption, and to restrain and punish all that may oppose it.'

"When this proclamation shall be obeyed and when the company's late employes shall desist from violence and interference with its trains, the board hereby assures them that it will find themselves met by Mr. Hoxie in the spirit in which he has heretofore successfully avoided rupture and cause for just complaint, and in that just and liberal spirit which should always exist between employer and employed.

"By order of the board

"Very respectfully yours, JAY GOULD.

"President Missouri Pacific Railroad Co."

Powderly's Reply to Gould.

NEW YORK, March 27.—Mr. Powderly tonight sent the following reply:

"NEW YORK, March 27.

"Jay Gould, Esq., President:

"DEAR SIR—We have received your reply to our communication of this morning. The statements made in your reply are worthy of mere consideration than can be given to them at this moment. We are not in possession here of telegrams or communications, or copies of the same, referred to in your letter. We came here unprepared, with no thought of using them here. The field that would be opened up for discussion would be too broad that it would take a great deal of time and space to cover it as contained in your reply. This would necessitate a review of the transactions of last year, beginning with the strike of March, 1885, continuing through the Wabash troubles which brought on our meeting with you in August, down to the strike on the Texas Pacific, and its extension to the Missouri river lines.

"We consider all this unnecessary at this time. Public interest, the interest of both parties to this controversy, will not be served by a longer continuance of the strike if there is a shadow of a chance to bring it to a speedy termination. With that idea in view, we prefer to let the discussion rest and allow this matter to be decided upon its merits by an impartial committee of seven, selected as indicated in our communication of this morning. Let them proceed to adjust the differences, and, having settled that matter, and set in motion the idle wheels and hands, we have no objections to the same committee reviewing our actions in the matter, and we are willing to be judged, to receive censure at their hands if necessary, for any shortcomings that they may deem us guilty of. The needs of the hour require that this strike terminate speedily. If that is done the other matter can be very readily attended to. Very truly yours,

T. V. POWDERLY.

Sunday's Conference.

NEW YORK, March 29.—Yesterday morning at 11 o'clock T. V. Powderly and W. B. McDowell called on Jay Gould at the latter's residence. There they met Messrs. Gould, Hopkins and George Gould. There was a general discussion of the situation in the Southwest by both sides, and a better understanding was arrived at than had been had by either party hitherto. After talking until 1 o'clock p. m. the conference was adjourned until evening.

At 7 o'clock they met again. At 8:30 p. m. Mr. Powderly had to leave to keep an engagement with Congressman John O'Neill, of St. Louis, chairman of the House committee on labor, who came from Washington to render assistance, if possible, in settling the strike. Mr. McDowell, however, remained with Mr. Gould and his party, and Mr. Gould finally handed to McDowell the following communication:

PRESIDENT'S OFFICE, MISSOURI PACIFIC R. R., March 29, 1886.

T. V. Powderly, G. M. W.:

DEAR SIR:—Replying to your letter of the 27th inst., I write to-day that I will to-morrow morning send the following telegraphic instructions to Mr. Hoxie, general manager of the Missouri Pacific R. R., at St. Louis: "In resuming the movement of trains on the Missouri Pacific, and in the employing of laborers in the several departments of this company, give preference to our late employes, whether they are Knights of Labor or not, except that you will not employ any person who has injured the company's property during the late strike; nor will we discharge any person who has taken service with the company during said strike. We see no objection to arbitrating any differences between the employes and the company, past or future.

"Hoping the above will be satisfactory, I remain yours very truly,

"JAY GOULD, President."

The executive board of the Knights of Labor have sent out the following telegram:

Martin Irons, Chairman Executive Board D. A. 101, St. Louis:

Pres. Jay Gould has consented to our proposition for arbitration and so telegraphs Vice Pres. Hoxie. Order men to resume work at once.

By order of executive board.

T. V. POWDERLY, G. M. W.

Waiting to Hear from Irons.

ST. LOUIS, March 29.—The striking Knights of Labor on the Missouri Pacific, notwithstanding Mr. Powderly's direct order to them to return to work this morning, have not as yet done so, and are awaiting official instructions from Chairman Irons, of the executive committee of District Assembly No. 101.

THE ORDER RECEIVED IN ST. LOUIS.

Mr. Powderly's dispatch directing the striking Knights of Labor upon the Gould Southwest system to return to work immediately was received at the headquarters of the Executive committee of that Assembly at 2:30 o'clock this morning, and a member of the committee at once telegraphed to Mr. Irons at Sedalia to return to St. Louis at once. Mr. Irons, it is expected, will start for St. Louis immediately, and upon arriving here will preside over a meeting of his committee, which will then comply with Mr. Powderly's order to declare the strike ended.

A MANLY ADDRESS.

The joint executive committees of district Assemblies 101, 93 and 17, in session this morning, have just issued the following brief address:

"ST. LOUIS, March 29, 1886.

"To the Knights of Labor of the Great Southwest:

"FELLOW WORKMEN:—We congratulate you, one and all, on your manhood and fortitude during our late great fight for recognition and right. Now that the battle is fought and the victory won, let us wear our laurels as men of dignity and moderation. Every man to his post and to his duty with quiet and sobriety. Let us exhibit the same zeal for the upbuilding of the business of the West that we have just done in proving that labor is King.

By order of

JOINT EXECUTIVE BOARD OF D. A. Nos. 101, 93 and 17.

It is stated that this address was sent to different halls where strikers were holeing meetings, that it was received joyously, and that the men started for their homes to change their clothes preparatory to going to work, but this is not verified. It is also stated that the address has been telegraphed to all points on the Southwest system.

GENERAL SATISFACTION

Expressed at the Termination of the Strike—What is the Pleasure of Mr. Irons?

ST. LOUIS, Mo., March 30.—The news telegraphed from New York last night that Grand Master Workman Powderly had ordered the strikers on the Gould Southwest system of railroads to resume work immediately pending arbitration, was received by the Knights of Labor here with incredibility, some even going so far as to say they believed the telegrams to be forgeries. After the first surprise occasioned by the intelligence, had passed, general satisfaction was expressed that the strike was not to be prolonged, and that the men would be allowed to go back to work.

The absence of Mr. Irons, chairman of the executive committee of District assembly No. 101, will delay, to some extent, the resumption of traffic upon the roads, for the other members of the committee state that the men of their assembly will not go back to work until they have either met in executive session and voted upon what they term the protest of Mr. Powderly, that the strike be ordered off, or Mr. Irons himself shall issue such an order.

Referring to Mr. Powderly's order to the Knights of Labor now on a strike in the Southwest, the members of the committee say that the grand master workman has exceeded his authority, and that such an order cannot be enforced until endorsed by their vote. This will necessitate the transaction of a large amount of routine business, for the executive committee of each district assembly must meet and vote upon the proposition. The results of these votes must then be communicated to Mr. Irons, who, if the majority are in favor of returning to work, will endorse Mr. Powderley's order of last night to that effect.

MR. POWDERLY IS PLEASED

With the Result of His Conference with Mr. Gould—There will be no More Strikes.

NEW YORK, March 30.—"This is rather a pleasant surprise, is it not?" asked a reporter of Mr. Powderly late last night.

"It is a pleasant ending," was the reply. "I don't like the word surprise there. It is the result that is always sure to come when the heads of the institutions at variance can be brought together. I have no doubt the same settlement might have been effected three days ago if I could have had an interview. A committee of arbitration will be appointed as at first supported and I presume that its members will be selected to-morrow. My interviews with Mr. Gould to-day were most pleasant. We hardly understood one another's views until we met and we agreed better than I had anticipated.

"We had a general talk on the situation and went over the ground very thoroughly. Our agreement had been practically effected before I left and the letter only embodies our ideas. I am satisfied that the developments of to-day will not only put an end to trouble now but that Mr. Gould will be willing to have all future differences settled by arbitration.

"The bill of Congressman O'Neil, which has been brought me to-night will, if adopted, help matters. It will make provision by which labor troubles can be legally adjusted without any strikes pending the arbitration. The strike has now demonstrated in a most forcible manner the necessity of laws to regulate the relations between employers and employed, and Mr. O'Neil will come in very pat just at this time."

THE SITUATION AT ST. LOUIS.

It Looks as if the Worst Were Over—Affairs in East St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., March 30.—The failing of the drizzling rain this morning, the disagreeableness of which is augmented by a cold north wind, has served, up to this hour, to keep within doors the strikers, and no crowd except of small dimensions, can be seen congregated within any of the railroad yards. On this side of the river no freight trains have as yet been started out, but it is announced that the Missouri Pacific officials will make their attempts in that direction to-day as usual. The large Missouri Pacific freight depot, at the corner of Seventh and Poplar streets, this morning, presents an appearance of greater activity than at any time since the inauguration of the strike. Heavily laden transfer wagons are arriving and depositing the goods there for shipment, and it looks as if the company were about to resume freight traffic despite the hitch in negotiations for a settlement of the strike.

Warrants have been issued for the arrest of William McConnell and William Conroy, striking Missouri Pacific employes charged with obstructing the passage of a Missouri Pacific passenger train on March 23. Judge Advocate McGeary, of the Knights of Labor, who was arrested yesterday on the charge of trespassing on the company's property, was brought before the court this morning and was allowed to give bail, pending a preliminary examination of the charge.

Will not Resume Yet.

ST. LOUIS, March 30.—The situation in East St. Louis this morning so far as the strike of the switchmen and yardmen is concerned remains unchanged. The crowds congregated around the railway depot are not so large, and no serious disturbance in that quarter has occurred, owing to the fact that none of the companies have attempted to start out freight trains to-day, for the strikers insist that such attempts will be strongly resisted by them. They say that they will not return to work until the preliminary negotiations looking toward the settlement of the strike, by arbitration, shall have been satisfactorily arranged, and they ordered by their local executive committee to resume their duties.

ALL QUIET THIS AFTERNOON.

The situation in East St. Louis this afternoon presents a marked contrast to that of yesterday. No serious disturbance has as yet occurred, although several attempts by the railway companies to start out freight trains have been resisted by the strikers. An Illinois & St. Louis railway engine, while engaged in making up a freight train, was approached by a number of strikers, who requested the engineer to desert his post. This he refused to do and the men "killed" the engine and took it back to the round house.

On the Vandalia tracks a similar attempt was made to make up a freight train, but the engineer complied with the request of the strikers to take his engine back to the round-house, and the attempt was abandoned.

No opposition, however, was offered to the efforts of the Wabash officers to resume freight traffic and they succeeded in sending out a freight train. The presence of the Deputy United States Marshals is a restraining influence and the men seem much less aggressive to-day than formerly and it is thought that the presence of the militia will not be required to protect the property of any of the railway companies.

WITH AN ARMED GUARD

Trains Running To and From Palestine, Texas.

PALESTINE, Tex., March 30.—At 10 o'clock yesterday morning Sheriff Davis, with 200 deputized citizens, including deputized conductors, engineers and trainmen, took possession of the railway yards, and, with Yardmaster Tanning and his assistants, began to make up trains. While the force of strikers at this place lined Spring street from the postoffice corner to the Railroad hotel, not the slightest attempt was made to resist the work of making up or running trains.

Between 10 and 11 o'clock yesterday three freight trains arrived from the South under guard of citizens from Elkhart and Sheriff Bain, of Houston county. These are the first trains with the exception of the regular passengers that have arrived here in three weeks. At 12 o'clock the first freight train to leave here in three weeks started out for Houston and since then eight long trains have gone North, South and West. Except for trivial offenses no arrests have been made and no violence is anticipated.

Trains are still being made up and yesterday it was expected that by this morning the yards would be entirely cleared. All trains are run in charge of armed guards.

Men Want Work at Ft. Worth.

FORT WORTH, Mex., March 20.—Supt. Herrin and Assistant Master Mechanic Woods have received about 200 applications for work, mostly from men at other points. Ten Knights of Labor were at work yesterday, but none of them have been prominently connected with the strike.

Judge Williams will dispose of the cases of 16 persons charged with disobeying the injunction to-morrow. Adjutant General King is here.

None of the strikers have gone back to work yet, and will not until officially ordered to do so. All freight trains are manned by deputy United Ssates marshals. One freight train was sent south without guards. When it reached Alvarado the engine was "killed" and the train stopped.

Gould Waiting for Powderly.

NEW YORK, March 30.—10:30 A. M.—Mr. Gould is in his office this morning ready to meet the committee of the Knights of Labor, but, notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Powderly last night asked for a conference this morning, at 10 o'clock no members of the committee had as yet appeared, nor have they sent any communication.

It is thought that Mr. Powderly's illness has caused the delay and that the committee of the Knights will be on hand some time this morning.

Mr. Gould expresses himself as perfectly willing to do all he consistently can to bring about a satisfactory agreement with Mr. Powderly.

MR. POWDERLY ARRIVES.

At 10:55 a. m., Mr. Powderly, accompanied by Messrs. Turner, Bailey, Hayes and McDowell, walked from their hotel to Mr. Gould's office, where they met Mr. Jay Gould, George Gould and Vice President Hopkins. They are now in conference.

WILL UNDOUBTEDLY ARBITRATE.

At 1 p. m. the question as to the general principle of arbitration is being thoroughly discussed at the conference by Mr. Gould and the committee of the Knights or Labor. The session began at 11 o'clock, and still continues. Mr. Hoxie, in St. Louis, is connected with the committee by a direct wire, and is taking an active part in the conference. A gentleman who has been in the committee room all morning states that the outlook for an agreement as to the manner and conditions of a settlement by arbitration are very favorable.

THE STRIKE MUST END

Is the Opinion of a New York Knight of Labor.

NEW YORK, March 30.—The members of the Knights of Labor in this city are reticent about talking of the trouble upon the Gould Southwest system of railroads until some definite conclusion is arrived at. William Brown, one of the oldest and most esteemed men in the order in this vicinity, expressed himself as follows, however:

It is an absolute necessity that this strike should end. If it is not settled quickly there is no telling what the result will be. The laboring people are excited all over the country, and the uneasiness and high feeling which has existed in St. Louis and all over the striking roads must sooner or later result in a collision between the strikers and the authorities. If the train is once fired, there is no telling where it will end.

A NEW STRIKE.

Begun in St. Louis—No Freight Can Now Cross the River.

ST. LOUIS, March 30.—Three hundred and fifty men employed by the St. Louis Transfer company reported for duty at the regular hour this morning, and when about to begin their duties of the day, were told by the superintendent of the company that it had been decided to furnish them protection in the discharge of their duty, by detailing a squad of deputy United States marshals to accompany them during the day and guard them from molestation from the strikers.

This was what the men were waiting for and they immediately struck, declaring that they wanted no protection. No freight can now be brought across the river to this city for the ferry is the only means of transfer, and this new strike renders that useless, for no trains can be procured to do the necessary hauling from the railway to the river landing.

COULD RUN REGULARLY IF THEY HAD THE MEN.

Three freight trains were started out this morning from the Missouri Pacific yards guarded by a strong force of police. There were no crowds of any size congregated in the yards at the time and none were assembled at any point along the route leading out of the city. It is stated that the company now could run their regular number of trains could the regular number of men be procured to man them.

Disposed to Compromise.

PITTSBURG, March 30.—Negotiations are pending which may result in the settlement of the street car strike. The companies are now considering a modified proposition of the strikers, which provides for arbitration. Both sides show more disposition to compromise, and the prospect of an early adjustment of the differences is regarded as bright.

COMPULSORY INSURANCE

Objected to by Some of the Employes.

ZANESVILLE, O., March 30.—A petition has been filed in the Common Pleas court by James A. Williams against the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad company praying for the recovery of $165 that was retained out of his wages as assessments for the insurance fund during his employment with the company. The petition sets up that the assessment system of compulsory insurance among the employes was first enforced by the company in April, 1880, and each month thereafter, until December, 1885, at which time he left the service, when he was compelled to relinquish $225 toward the insurance fund. The money thus retained, the petition claims, was wrongfully withheld. The case is creating considerable interest in railroad circles, particularly among the Baltimore & Ohio employes, and it will test the validity of the compulsory insurance among employes as inaugurated by this company some five years ago.

The Bystander Killed, as Usual.

GALVESTON, Tex., March 30.—A special to the *News* from Laredo, says: Alderman Henry Douglas was shot and killed yesterday morning in the Commercial hotel by Alexander Menly, of Corpus Christi. Menly and a young man named Burbank had spent the night playing pin pool, Douglas watching the game. Early in the morning they all repaired to the hotel bar, where a quarrel ensued between Menly and Burbank. The former drew his revolver and fired. The bullet grazed Burbank and passed through Douglas's heart. Menly was arrested. There is a great deal of excitement over the tragedy and threats of lynching are made. Douglas was from Pennsylvania, and was one of the most popular railroad men in this section.

THE Mississippi river is now open for navigation as far north as Lake Pepin, in Minnesota. Steamboats will not be able to get through the lake before the middle of April.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Great Britain.

LONDON, March 29.—John Morley, chief secretary for Ireland, will present in the House of Commons to-day a bill for the temporary relief of destitute persons in Ireland.

GLADSTONE'S PROGRAMME.

Mr. Gladstone, in the House of Commons this afternoon, stated that on April 8 he would ask permission to introduce his Irish government bill, he added that on April 12 the budget would be introduced, and that on April 15 he would request permission to introduce a bill to amend the laws for the sale and purchase of land in Ireland. Both Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Trevalyn, the seceding members of the cabinet, were present when Mr. Gladstone was making his announcements. They sat below the gangway, chatting with Lord Hartington and Sir Henry James.

France.

LONDON, March 24.—The African mail steamer which arrived at Plymouth yesterday brings news of desperate fighting between the French and the Hovas in Madagascar. About the end of February the Hovas under Gen. Willoughby attacked 3,000 French troops, routed them with heavy loss, and pursued them to Tamative. The French houses and stores in Tamative were shelled by the Hovas and destroyed. The Hovas then returned to the capitol. Their losses were small. A few days later Gen. Shervington surprised 4,000 Sakalovas preceded by 250 Frenchmen and three machine guns. The Sakalovas were routed, 40 being killed and many wounded.

PARIS, March 29.—A free trade party is being formed in the Chamber of Deputies. The leaders of the movement are MM. Passy, Guyot, Lalande, Achard, Foure and Duval. They have issued a manifesto calling for the abolition of protective duties, which, they say, oppress the workmen and hinder the development of trade.

PANAMA CANAL LOTTERY SCHEME.

In an interview yesterday M. Charles De Lesseps said that neither he or his father doubted that the government would consent to the issue of Panama canal lottery bonds. He said that the delegates of the chamber of commerce were all surprised at the progress made on the canal.

THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

The bill providing for the exhibition which is to be held in 1889, has been prepared. The first credit will be 12,500,000 francs. The total will be 45,000,000 francs.

Belgium.

BRUSSELS, March 24.—The strike began by the miners at Liege a fortnight ago is extending rapidly all over Belgium. The demand is for an increase of wages, accompanied by a decrease in the hours of labor. This labor movement at Liege is under the control of Anarchists and the city is really at their mercy. In many instances mobs of Anarchists stopped people in the streets and demanded money threatening violence, if not given.

They broke windows in houses and shops. The garrison is confined within the barracks in readiness to march. A pamphlet called "The Catechism of the People" is being industriously circulated. It teaches the doctrine of general redistribution of wealth, and urges the use of force to accomplish it.

BRUSSELS, March 29.—One hundred rioters have been arrested at Charleroi.

The Iron Master's association has asked the minister of Finance to abolish the import duty on cast and old iron.

CHARLEROI, March 29.—This city to-day is a vast military camp, from which flying columns are operating in all directions. It is believed now that the worst is over. The government has authorized the peaceable inhabitants of the city to arm themselves and to use every means in their power to defend their domiciles. There is a more confident feeling. The civilian patrols and the troops are overpowering the rioters. The miners in the Flenn and Borinage districts have gone out on a strike and have destroyed the residence of the mine manager by dynamite. In these districts there have already been several conflicts between the strikers and troops, and many have been killed on both sides. Reinforcements have been sent to the scene from Mons.

Russia.

ST. PETERSBURG, March 24.—The *Journal de St. Petersburg* censures Prince Alexander of Bulgaria for treating the powers with contempt in the matter of his appointment by Turkey as governor of Eastern Roumelia, and declares that his offense in this case is all the graver because it will encourage the Greeks in their refusal to submit to the will of the powers by acquiescing in the Servo-Bulgarian settlement.

Greece.

ATHENS, March 29.—The Chamber of Deputies has been summoned to assemble in order to grant credit to the government, all efforts to obtain a loan having failed.

OLD WORLD NOTES.

The Prince of Wales has consented to become the patron of the Baden-Baden international races.

The donation to the proposed Pasteur institute, in Paris, have reached thus far the sum of £16,300. The largest individual contribution is that of Mme. Heine, £2,500.

The melting ice and snow in the mountains have caused a great freshet at Prague and Rakoutz, a small town in Bohemia, thirty miles west. At the latter place several houses have been swept away. The water is still rising.

KEY WEST IN FLAMES.

Fire Starts in the Opera House and Spreads Rapidly.

KEY WEST, Fla., March 30.—Fire started in the San Carlos theatre at 1 o'clock this morning and is still burning and is beyond control of the firemen. A fresh wind blowing from the south has caused the fire to spread and already five blocks in the center of the city have been destroyed. The fire will probably go to the harbor. The Episcopal and Baptist churches have been burned, together with thirty other buildings, stores and residences.

Over 50 houses have been already burned, including the Masonic hall, three or four cigar factories and the Duval house, containing nearly $250,000 worth of tobacco. Officers from the United States steamers Brooklyn and Powhattan, have been blowing up some of the houses with powder.

There is no water supply, the cisterns being mostly